

JUNE 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND





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The new contest is in full swing and every number of *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, *CLASSIC* and *SHADOWLAND* carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

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of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

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Beth Logan
Helen DeWitt
Mary Astor
Ermine Gagnon
Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins



Rules of the Contest

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure a reply.
6. Address photographs and letters to **CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.**
7. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, *CLASSIC* or *SHADOWLAND* are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.



VOLUME IV

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

JUNE, 1921



NUMBER 4

Important Features in this Issue:

THE ART OF A. S. BAYLINSON *Walter Park*
Telling of the remarkable American modernist whose entire work has been carried on in this country

THE STAGE SEASON OF 1920-1921 IN
REVIEW *Walter Prichard Eaton*
An interesting résumé of the last year of drama

GET YOUR TICKETS FOR THE BIG
SHOW *Louis Raymond Reid*
The story of the circus

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
. *Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*
Another delicately whimsical essay

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S BEGINNINGS
. *Frank Harris*
Glimpses of Shaw before he was known

INTO THE SEA OF THE MOON AND
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THE PLAY THAT WENT ROUND THE
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ADVANCE STUFF *Gladys Hall*
An unusual playlet in one act

AFTER CARUSO—WHAT? *Pitts Sanborn*
Suppositions as to Who Will Be the Next Metropolitan Tenor

Interviews with Pauline Lord
Margaret Anglin and Louise Closser Hale
Departments Devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

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SHADOWLAND

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SHADOWLAND

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OUR COLOR PLATES



Marilynn Miller

The Fascinating Dancer who has proved
the attraction of "Sally"



Wynn Goes a-Slumming

Two attractive pages by Wynn
Holcomb, picturing life in
the Continental slums



The Art of Baylinson

A page of the unusual paintings
of A. S. Baylinson



From a photograph by Edward Tinsley Monroe

Marilyn Miller



The beau ideal of the French bad man and every polished inch of him a villain. He performs all manner of wickedness with a born grace. Usually he swings a wicked little vest-pocket six-shooter



The maitre-en-scene directs and performs at the same time. Here he is trying to get a little more soul in the soul kiss opposite. He can use the most goshawful language at times, as: "Encore! Plus d'action! Encore! Encore! Voila! Bing! Bang! Bouff!"



"My goodness! Isn't it awful the way that horrid villain maltreats that lovely young man," says Nonette, the impressionable Paris shop girl, as she watches her darling hero about to be done to death for the 'steenth time

Paris forgets, but it takes a bottle of vin rouge, a bad cigarette and a Charlot film to give the proper edge. This cinema fiend is registering the low stomachic chuckle as he eyes Charlot cutting his titillating antics



Wynn Goes a Slumming



Soul kisses always fetch the film fiends. It's so the wide world over. This one is a trifle soul-less, having been rehearsed 999 times. Yet the sub-title will read, "And their lips met and their souls, like two tiny dew-drops, blissfully melted into one." What could be sweeter?

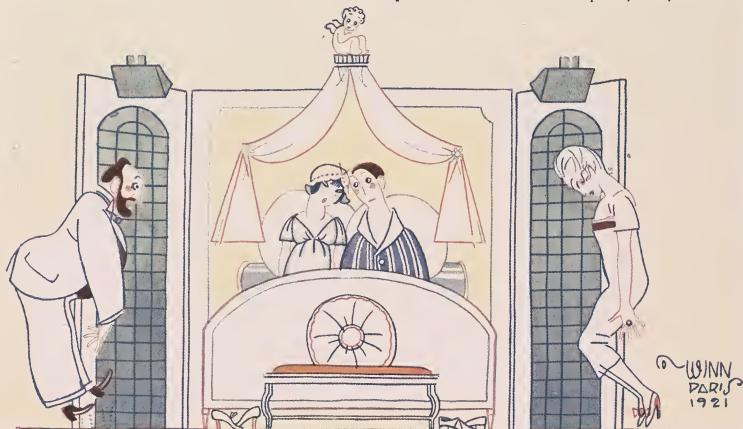


The "little corpora" rushing into action, after arriving late at the studio. Some little Josephine kept him from arriving on time



A scenic tid-bit from the sensational film thriller, "Le Diable Feminin," featuring the French vampire lady of the leopardine movements who out-vamps any female, past or present

It has been said that a play or a picture without a bed in it never makes money in Paris. The French appear to go into ecstasies over anything that is décolleté. We blushing let you guess the plot of this film

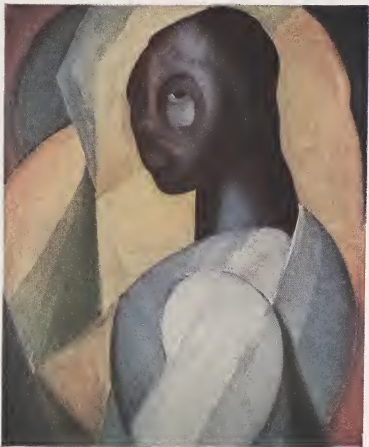


WYNN
PARIS
1921



Two interesting examples of the work of A. S. Baylinson, whose canvases are of the futuristic school, yet are wholly individual. At the left is Mr. Baylinson's unusual "Figure Composition"

At the right is Mr. Baylinson's "Portrait of a Young Negro," singularly expressive of his style



The Art of A. S. Baylinson

By Walter Pach

NO one is unaware of the fact that, for a number of years, there have been some startlingly new aspects to the art of painting. We had been accustomed to new visions of nature such as the Impressionists gave us with their effects of light, and we were ready to accept new personalities. But, with the coming of Post-Impressionism and Cubism, we were confronted with a far bigger problem, for these schools called into question the whole matter of the relation of art to nature. Should the picture be a copy of its subject, differing from the original only in so far as the artist's feeling influences him to make certain changes of which he is scarcely conscious, or has he the right to take any liberty he pleases in the interest of his expression?

It is some such question as this that thoughtful people have been asking themselves, and they find it increasingly necessary to do so, for the number of these modern productions has not decreased, as some critics said it would, but every year sees new recruits to the ranks of the advance-guard, and to-day it is not only the Frenchmen, the initiators of the movement, who have to be reckoned with, it is a big section of the younger generation of every country, including our own.

So let us look together at the work of one of the Americans who has attacked the new problem and, perhaps, in studying it with him, we can get some light on the general principle that lies behind the work which is going on in studios of every capital, from Paris to Tokio. But before doing so, let us agree that principles are as dead in art as anywhere else unless they are backed up by men. We are so easily tempted to go on a search for a philosopher's stone that shall turn everything into gold. In art, less than in all other fields of endeavor, is there hope for such a thing. All the schools are good and all are bad at different times, according to the individual who represents them at the moment. And so the



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

reason for choosing the work of A. S. Baylinson as the subject of our study is that one may have confidence in the artist it reveals, independent of the method he is pursuing. If the pictures here reproduced and the others he has been exhibiting in recent years have phases that

many will find strange, it does seem also that anyone accustomed to painting must find more familiar qualities besides, which call to mind such old-fashioned words as "strong drawing," "serious character," "solid form" and "clear light." And so one feels that, however open to discussion the method here employed, we are dealing with something of value. (Cont'd on page 70)



Top, a recent photograph of A. S. Baylinson; left, another interesting example of Mr. Baylinson's work, a reclining figure composition



THE QUEEN O' SHEBA

Beautiful Betty Blythe makes a striking lady of history in the William Fox film spectacle, "The Queen of Sheba." Surely Solomon was wiser than the best previous reports credited him

FLORENCE
O'DENISHAWN

*A new and attractive study
of the dancer by Edward
Thayer Monroe*





SUE CREIGHTON

A vivid figure in "Sinbad"
Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton Studios



I
Mildred Harris

A Series of Four Studies
Made for SHADOWLAND by Alfred
Cheney Johnston



II

Bebe Daniels

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



III

Mary Thurman

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



IV
Madge Bellamy
Photograph by
Alfred
Cheney Johnston



THE SPIRIT OF TRANSPORTATION

First prize in this year's Wanamaker photographic competition was awarded to K. D. Ganaway, of 1224 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for his "The Spirit of Transportation." The judges included Paul Philippe Cr  , the French architect; Leon Holsizer, of the Philadelphia Public Ledger; Arthur B. Carles, professor of painting at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Clarence H. White, director of the White School of Photography; and Alfred Stieglitz. More than nine hundred photographs were submitted



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

THE DIVINE CAVALLINI RETURNS

Doris Keane has returned to Broadway in her endeared characterization of the diva in Edward Sheldon's drama of the '60s, "Romance." Her Cavallini is still a bewitching being



Photograph © by Ira D. Schwarz

IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH

John Drinkwater, dramatist and poet, has just enmeshed the unhappy Mary of Holyrood in a play, "Mary Stuart." The drama was recently produced on Broadway with Clare Eames as Mary. Reproduced on this page is one of the colorful scenes in "Mary Stuart," with Miss Eames as the heroine of history and Frank Reicher as the ill-fated David Riccio

Blow the Smoke Away!

Photographs by
Bachrach Studio

Motif
by Margaret Vale



*Just above is a character-
istic study—plus his pipe
—of Frank Craven, star
of—and author of—"The
First Year"*



*At the left is Roland
Young, featured in "Rollo's
Wild Oat." Mr. Young,
too, affects an informal
pipe*



For Ernest Glendenning, of "Little Old New York," there is nothing like a quiet bit of relaxation with a cigarette and a book



George Sidney, of "Welcome, Stranger," loves his cigar. As for smoke rings, observe these!

A few years from the present day, when tobacco has been banned by our reformers, these pictures will be of unusual interest. Better paste them in your scrapbook. At the left is Frank Conroy, of "The Bad Man," enjoying his pipe while he may





Photograph by Mott, La Grasse, Wis.

LENORA THOMPSON

*A new figure of the dance and a
pupil of Alexis Kosloff*

In Terms of the Ironie

By Gladys Hall

PAULINE LORD is not the usual person. You know that without my addenda, especially if you have seen her in "Samson and Delilah," with Jacob Ben-Ami.

Her touches of tempered irony, her rather delicious rendition of an exceedingly difficult rôle mark her as apart from the hoi-polloi, at least.

That she is.

She has what might be termed an ineluctable personality. That is to say, she doesn't commit a series of trite personal revelations the instant she pours the tea.

Also, she is refreshingly combative in her outlook. There is something astrigent in her point of view. She doesn't preen, either mentally, professionally, or in any other way. I detest persons who preen. Everything, with Miss Lord, isn't "lovely." Her hopes are not obviously tinted with rose. Her ideal of success goes beyond an ideal of success—to commit a faulty paradox. She, like unto Ibsen's "Master Builder," aims high where she would hang her laurel wreath.

Also, like unto Ibsen's tragic figure, she foresees the strong possibility of breaking her neck in the splendid attempt.

She does not talk with pride and rapture of her work, but only of what she might have done and of how much better she might have done it.

To have her name in the paper and her photograph in some magazine gallery is not the be-all and end-all of Miss Lord's artistic existence.

She cocks an ironic if tolerant eye at the ways and wiles of ye olde reliable Interviewer. To wit: I called upon her in her dressing-room one afternoon, after the matinée, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, to ask for a tea engagement the following week. She was removing



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

the grease paint, seemed dubious, and finally made the appointment.

When we met and were launched substantially upon the tea and talk activities, she told me that she had said to her maid: "Well, I don't think she can do me much harm one way or the other!"

In the interim she read various articles of mine in SHADOWLAND, and her original impression of native harmlessness was reinforced.

Not that Miss Lord is an ironic person when it comes

Pauline Lord is not the usual person. She has what might be termed an ineluctable personality. She is refreshingly combative in her outlook. There is something astrigent in her point of view

(Continued on page 76)



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

FLORENCE REED

*An unusual study of the popular stage
and cinema star*

Natalie:
Hippodrome
Dancing
Star



Photograph above by Alfred Hansen
Photograph left by Moody



Natalie is the premiere danseuse of the vast New York Hippodrome. She came to the "Hip" from vaudeville, where she had been a dancing favorite for a long time



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

FOKINA

Fokina, who is the wife of the master of choreography, Michel Fokine, has recently been appearing on dance tour with her illustrious husband. She is a dancer of distinguished attainments and piquant charm

Wherein
"Honors
Are
Even"



Photograph © by Moffett, Chicago



New York will soon see the new Rei Cooper Megrue comedy, "Honors Are Even." Lola Fisher is the stellar player in the cast. In the Palm Beach scene at the left Gordon Johnston appears with Miss Fisher

Photograph by White Studios



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

MARGARET MORRIS

Miss Morris, who is a granddaughter of William Morris, is coming to America to dance.

On a Thoughtful Day

By Gladys Hall

IT was a *thoughtful* sort of day. There were venders of delicate little flowers tucked away in sooty corners. A small girl, riding up with me on the subway, had a branch of pussy-willows. The trees were leafing out with a frail deliberation.

I was going a'calling on *Grandma Bett*. If you haven't seen "Miss Lulu Bett," and therein made the acquaintance of *Grandma Bett*, there is simply nothing I can do for you to make reparation. *Grandma Bett* is a consummation of type.

I emerged from the subway and inquired my way to Washington Square North. The newsdealer said, "Over by the big tree." I walked a square or so, lost my sense of direction and repeated my inquiry. A janitress, sudsy and sunny, said, "It's over by the big tree."

I thought, "What a charming note. I



Photograph (above) by Champlain
Photograph (left) by Abbe



must tell Mrs. Hale."

Grandma Bett wasn't my original recollection of *Louise Closser Hale*. Many years ago, when I was in the *Terrible 'Teens*, I had read a story of hers in some one of the magazines. I wrote her a letter about it.

The sort of a letter a *Terrible 'Teener* would write. And she replied. Walking across Gramercy Park on this spring day I remembered again the little throb of prideful joy I had felt in that really truly letter from a real and true *writer* (then, as now, the apex of achievement to me) and what a prestige it had given me among my immediate circle when I showed it about with a "one of us professionals" air. She had given me, I knew, one of those well-spring memories that are neither dimmed nor marred by time.

My next distinct recollection of *Mrs. Hale* (and she does like the rightful dignity of *Mrs. Hale*) was last year in "Beyond the Horizon" when, in a wheeled chair, acidulous, she drew for us that immemorable picture of extreme age.

And now *Grandma Bett*. With her shrewd, swift-

(Continued on page 71)

"I think I have not gone further on the stage because I have loved it too well, too truly," says *Louise Closser Hale*. "I love the rhythm of the theater. It rests me more than anything else I know." Above, recent photograph of *Louise Closser Hale*; left, *Mrs. Hale* in her remarkable study of *Grandma Bett* in "Miss Lulu Bett"



Photograph by A. C. Johnston

MARGARET ANGLIN has hewn with her own money and builded with her own time. Finer art has no person than this.

And aside from being an artist, which we all know, and a craftswoman, which only some of us know, Miss Anglin must, of necessity be a mathematician, doing superfine sums in high calculus, or something of the sort. Because, unfortunately, there are only twenty-four hours to a round day and having nothing to do with the fundamental limitations of time Miss Anglin has to do fractional and other sums accordingly.

Time gives of itself with limitations, but Miss Anglin, it would seem, shames time by giving of herself without limitations. She is the sort of person who makes one blush that one has made moan of the labour one has done. She makes work seem a goodly thing and Art but a poor and spineless thing without it.

There are artists who have sprung into prominence, some even, who have remained in that desirable territory, for a variety of reasons, substantial and otherwise. There may be,

The Craftswoman

By
Pearl Malvern

doubtless are, a variety of reasons for Miss Anglin's firmly entrenched position, but of these reasons the foremost and the fundamental one is the *giving of herself*. In every way. Without stint. Without reservation. Gladly.

Miss Anglin is her own producing manager; the only one of her sex in the country. *She is her own backer*. When you go to see Miss Anglin, in "The Woman of Bronze" for instance, and see the fine work she does therein it will be notable to realize that the fine work of the others, the casting, the scenery, the *production entire* has been, too, thru the crucible of her hand and brain and pocket-book.

She is an indefatigable worker. From every source there come tales of the strenuous work she does. "Often and often" a friend of hers told me, "I have left Miss Anglin at the theater at eight o'clock rehearsing and have

(Continued on page 74)

Margaret Anglin is her own producing manager; the only one of her sex in the country. She is her own backer. She is an indefatigable worker. From every source there come tales of the strenuous work she does. Above, a new portrait of Miss Anglin and, right, Miss Anglin and John Halliday in "The Woman of Bronze"





Photograph by Abbe

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

Mary Hay isn't, of course, but it makes a pleasant caption. Actually little Miss Hay is lending her verve and sprightly personality to the musical hit, "Sally"



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

ANOTHER ANNA OF THE DANCE

This time it is Anna Ludmila, who is just lending her charm of the dance to the musical comedy extravaganza, "Tip Top"

The Stage Season of 1920-1921 In Review

By Walter Prichard Eaton

UNLESS the accounts which reach us from abroad are quite incorrect, New York is now the theatrical capital of the world, in spite of the timidity of our native dramatists, the need of excessive profits to pay the theater rentals, and the lack of any repertoire companies, splendid playhouses, or endowed theaters. The Russian theater is shot to pieces. So is the German and Austrian. The Parisian stage appears to be swamped with the commonplace, and that of London to be no better. It is only in New York that

the theater is, apparently, advancing, with an ever-growing circle of audiences who are keen for experiment, catholic in taste, and afford to the artists a field for almost unlimited expansion. Last season indicated this; the present season has confirmed it. In spite of many features that no serious critic could approve, in spite of the continued failure of our native dramatists as a whole to measure up to their opportunities, in spite of our present dearth of distinguished actors, the American Theater, as seen in New York, its capital, ends the season of 1920-1921 a more interesting institution than it has ever been before in my memory.

Take the matter of scenic art. When has there been so much intelligent experiment, even daring experiment, and so much achieved beauty? Urban's sets for "The Follies" and John Murray Anderson's sets for his productions, have brought a new charm to the musical play. Robert Edmond Jones staged "Macbeth" as almost pure symbolism. To be sure, he failed (in considerable part because of the inadequate acting) to capture the public; but it was a brave, splendid failure, full of daring and imagination. Nor will it ever be quite a failure, for its mood of cold, twisted evil will trouble the memories of all who saw it, making tame and lame a complete reversion to the old realistic settings of poetic drama. Belasco's staging of "Deburau" and Winthrop Ames' of "The Green Goddess," showed plainly the effect of the new scenic art on the old craftsmen. Livingston Platt's setting for Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart" is a lovely thing, rich and simple and full of mood. Preceding "Mary Stuart," a pantomime was enacted before pink curtains designed by no less an artist than Jules Guerin. Rollo Peters and Lee Simonson contributed to our pleasure. Even old "Erminie," revived by Frances Wilson, was trotted out with brand-new scenery by Norman-Bel Geddes, and must have found difficulty in recognizing itself. We have, of course, a long way yet to go before we shall catch up, scenically, to the Berlin, Dresden or Moscow of pre-war days, but this season saw us advancing on the way. What holds us back now more than anything is the ridiculously cheap and inadequate construction of the stages in the new theaters which our shop-keeping managers erect. The managers, alas, who are artists, and want to experiment, seem so seldom the ones who own the physical playhouses! Real estate is King. The Belasco Theater, for

SAYS WALTER PRICHARD EATON:

"New York is now the theatrical capital of the world, in spite of the timidity of our native dramatists, the need of excessive profits to pay the theater rentals, and the lack of repertoire companies, splendid playhouses or endowed theaters. In spite of many features that no serious critic could approve, in spite of the continued failure of our native dramatists as a whole to measure up to their opportunities, in spite of our present dearth of distinguished actors, the American Theater, as seen in New York, its capital, ends the season of 1920-1921 a more interesting institution than it has ever been before in my memory."

"Take the matter of scenic art. We have, of course, a long way yet to go before we shall catch up, scenically, to the Berlin, Dresden or Moscow of pre-war days, but this season saw us advancing on the way."

example, has about the only lighting system in America up to German standards.

The season saw the world première in New York of two plays by dramatists of international fame. The Theater Guild, now firmly established as a New York institution, produced Shaw's "Heartbreak House" (and will also produce before anybody else his new play, "Back to Methuselah"), and William Harris, jr., produced John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart." It was in New York, too, that William Archer's "The Green Goddess" was first seen—

but Archer is not yet an international dramatist—only a critic. Almost as significant was the fact that, excepting Barrie's "Mary Rose" (badly acted here, to be sure), Galsworthy's fine, thoughtful drama, "The Skin Game," and the Belasco production of Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's "Deburau," the current European stage gave us very little of consequence. We furnished our own fare. Certain plays, of course, from the English, French and even Spanish stages were seen here, but the few which amounted to much, like St. John Irvine's "Mixed Marriage," belong to the pre-war period. It is probable that for the first time in our history more American plays were acted in Europe last season than European plays were acted here. At last we can answer our critics, "What do you mean, dependent on the old world?" We have become theatrically of age, even if it did take a world war to make us so.

But let us not be too cocky about that. Our native drama, as the season has disclosed it, still lacks many qualities the heart could desire and which the foreign stage once supplied to us as fully as we could absorb it. We have no Shaw; we have no Barrie nor Galsworthy; we have no Sudermann nor Behr nor Schnitzler nor Tolstoi. We are juvenile still, and crude. We miss our own clever Fitch and our deep, poetic William Vaughn Moody, both cut untimely off. Samuel Shipman is a poor match for a Galsworthy. But, at that, the season just past disclosed certain native plays of which we may well be proud, and which should give us hope.

There were, for example, "The Emperor Jones" by Eugene O'Neill, and "The First Year" by Frank Craven, both highly successful, be it noted, in attracting the public, and both first-class plays. "The Emperor Jones," first acted by the semi-amateur Provincetown Players, and later brought up to Broadway with that remarkable negro actor, Charles Gilpin, in the title part, is unique in form, being almost a series of six monologues, set in different parts of a tropic jungle, and showing the growth of primitive fear in the negro fugitive's mind. It takes a man backward, down the ladder of civilization, but does it with a wild, haunting beauty and a stark dramatic power to thrill, which characterize most of Mr. O'Neill's writing. I cannot see why O'Neill isn't a better dramatist than Lord Dunsany, because he has a wider range and greater

(Concluded on page 64)

The Amusement Park

By Murdock Pemberton

I

PRELUDE

INDOLENT, she lies basking in the sun,
 Seeming but half awake,
 Her whitened form unlovely at this hour,
 Her make-up flaking off,
 Her garments flung this way and that
 She is amid the disarray of the past night's revelry
 A piece with the discarded things
 Flung down when her mad devotees
 Rushed from her sorcery
 Or slunk off surfeited . . .
 Now that the sun has burned its way into the sea
 She stirs herself,
 She who is mistress to the thousands
 Must array for swift seduction;
 Serene she awaits
 Her bath of dusk,
 The perfume that blows up from sea-washed sands,
 Her serving-man,
 Who, as a routine commonplace,
 Claps on her breast the copper brooch,
 Robing her with magic, lustrous beauty,
 And setting off the myriad diamonds in her hair.

II

"WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS"

"Jelly-apples on a stick,
 Get your jelly-apples here."

THE press agent swung in his swivel chair;
 He swore.
 The sun beat on the iron roofs,
 The tin and stucco walls
 Of Moorish castles,
 French chateaux,
 Mountain range and fairy grottoes.
 Across the warping boardwalk
 The hot-dog man drew his string of frankfurters
 Preparing the sacrifice
 To greet at sundown
 The sweltering city's sons;
 The Grand Lagoon was green and steaming;
 The snake charmer polished off her nails
 In the shadow of the striped tent,
 And the wild-man's wife was tatting.
 "Jelly-apples on a stick,
 Get your jelly-apples here."
 There were no customers in the park
 And the press agent wanted a nap;
 He puffed his way downstairs,
 Crossed the walk and leaned against the stand:
 "Say, brother, what's the big idea?
 Save that song for customers."
 But the apple-man came all the way from Syria
 And he was unperturbed:
 "Jelly-apples or, a stick,
 Get your jelly-apples here."
 The press agent snorted:
 "Say, looky here,
 I don't think the big boss likes these things,
 It ain't exactly art

And it draws flies—
 Tell me just for luck,
 Why do you goo these things this way?
 An apple is a pretty thing
 Just as God made it."
 The apple-man bared his white teeth:
 "The apple's good
 And so is God,
 But none of your customers
 Will eat an apple raw,
 They want them covered up with sugar.
 You say you are a big showman
 All right, let me see you sell your stuff
 Without you cover it with sugar.
 Jelly-apples on a stick,
 Get your jelly-apples."

III

THE WEIGHT GUESSER

THIS isn't much of a profession
 But I'm not ashamed of it,
 It's honest anyway,
 And it takes some skill
 To guess within three pounds . . .
 I saw down here the other night
 A guy who used to work these scales with me
 Less than eight years ago.
 He's a big producer now—
 Has a show-shop on Broadway
 So when he went by
 I holler out:
 "Hey, Morris, how's things;
 Remember how you used to guess the weights?"
 But he just stopped
 And glared at me
 As cold as the three diamonds in his shirt.
 Gawd!
 You'd think the guy was trying to forget
 The days when he was honest.

IV

THE BLOOMER

IT was late in the season
 And the press agent's cupboard was bare,
 So he turned to his assistant, saying:
 "Young man, I'll give you a chance,
 Get me a good story
 And I'll say you are a regular press agent."
 The proximity of fame startled the assistant,
 He stammered a question—
 "Well—how do you get a good story?"
 And as he was young
 The press agent was kind, and explained:
 "The press agent's first friend is an elephant,
 But we haven't any elephants,
 So you take the next best bet—statistics;
 Now get busy."

So the young man went forth thru the park
 (Continued on page 66)



"Get Your Tickets for the Big Show"

By Louis Raymond Reid

Decorations by Agnes Lee

"I DON'T care who writes the nation's laws," the ambitious press agent might be heard shouting to himself, "if only I can write her adjectives." Now there are adjectives and adjectives. Some are used to describe merely a farce or a musical comedy. Others have a secure place in the publishing marts, where they are known as blurbs. Shelf after shelf of them are within reach in every theatrical office. But the superlative, distinctive, ornate, elaborate, decorative, exceptional adjectives are employed exclusively by the circus.

It is fitting that it should be thus. After all, the circus represents all kinds of books and plays tankbarked into one. Its potentialities for stupendousness, glamour, infinite variety and immense financial returns must have appealed sooner or later to the unusually imaginative and courageous showman. When Phineas T. Barnum, this particular showman, branching out from a mere impresario, undertook to present "the greatest show on earth" he achieved lasting renown. He was the father of the modern circus. What was Nero to him, or Caligula or any other of the gay tyrants of ancient Rome with their "circus maximus"? He would make the circus something more than a chariot race.

And so he trotted out a vast menagerie of animals; he recruited his army of clowns to imposing strength; he introduced ambitious acrobatic performances and equestrian feats; and, finally, he made two and three rings grow where but one grew before. Being a man of enterprise and resourcefulness, he observed that all the attractions in the world would make comparatively little stir unless they were advertised. He engaged Tody Hamilton, who became a genius in alliterative description. Tody could marshal adjectives as a general marshals troops. He had but to crack the whip and "glittering, glorious galaxy" swept into formation.

Up and down the Main Streets of the world went Barnum and his circus, Barnum counting his enormous receipts and Tody rushing into print with his phalanxes of phrases. P. T. was the wise man of his day. He possessed a native humour and shrewdness. "There's a sucker born every minute," he said once, and the whole world laughed—and agreed. Indeed, his remark is as much in vogue as in the misty past when grandpa sat on his hard benches in the tent and watched the clown jump thru hoops from the back of a galloping horse.

Barnum symbolized in many respects America. There was much of the national gusto in his nature. He had

initiative, courage, the money-making instinct, the sweep and inventiveness of the American. He was not afraid to take a chance. Parnum eventually combined with James A. Bailey, another successful circus proprietor, and together they conquered even more lands and peoples by their very audacity and breadth of method.

Suddenly a host of rivals sprang up—Sells Brothers, Ringling, Walter Main. And all of them flourished. There never seemed to be enough circuses. They struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the yokels and the city chaps as well. They reflected the play spirit in man. There was mystery to be encountered. And adventure lurked just around the flap of the tent.

Before Henry of Detroit had emerged from a mechanic's bench the circus possessed a significance truly enormous. It brought life and colour to the community. It displayed a daring and charm that went far in compensating people for the drab existence they were leading.

The very nomadic character of the circus, the bizarre and bohemian folk that made up its personnel spelled an illusion that was picturesque and enduring.

Some of that illusion, that potency may have been lost. The widespread in- (Cont. on page 68)





McKAY MORRIS

*Who plays the Greek poet-hero of "Aphrodite."
Camera study by Morrall of Rochester*

Anatole France: Beau Brummel of Sceptics

By Benjamin de Casseres

THE human intelligence has not slept since the birth of Voltaire. It has walked the floor of Knowledge and smashed the furniture of earth and the lustres and arc lights of heaven to a billion splinters and flashing fragments.

In art all unity is dead. Forms and rules lie murdered in their moulds. We stand, not at Armageddon, but at a Tower of Babel.

There is a jangle of schools and a jungle of isms. They come! They come!—the vorticists, the vers librist, the pointillists, the imagists. There is a can-can of individualists in literature. The indefinite, the uncertain, the new, the paradoxical, are the scarlet paradises of aesthetic intoxication.

We have gored the heart out of every artistic certainty. Each school has its own private Nine Muses. Unity sleeps; nothing remains but units. Anatole France is one of these units.

In his introduction to his fairy story, "Honey-Bee," he says: "I have a pretty little neighbor of mine whose library I examined the other day. I found many books on the microscope and the zoophytes, as well as several scientific story books. One of these I opened at the following lines: 'The cuttlefish Sepia Officinalis is a

cephalopodic mollusc whose body includes a spongy organ containing chylaqueous fluid saturated with carbonate of lime.' My pretty little neighbor finds this story very interesting. I beg of her, unless she wishes me to die of mortification, never to read the story of Honey-Bee."

It is thus that the gentle Anatole registers his contempt for the purely scientific modern mind. He propounds here a veritable theory of education in regard to the child mind, which in a way might apply to beings of a larger and sillier growth. Is there a more revolting and hideous thing than to know a child of eight who has mastered Hebrew and Latin, knows algebra and can repeat without even skipping Lady Jane Grey all the rulers of England seriatim from Fool I. down to—oh, well?

In reading "Honey-Bee" lately, I suddenly recalled that some years ago, while rooting around in ancient schisms and sects, I had run across the Fathers

of the Church of Anatole. Anatole France and Thomas Hardy remain the two Titans left on the Olympus of Literature. The slopes below have a long waiting list, but on those heights a few are chosen and none is called.

The Fathers of the Church of Anatole were called the Acataleptics, a sect from way back opposed to the Gnostics, who were the mystical prohibitionists of their day, and knew it all.

The doctrine of the Acataleptics was the doctrine of the incomprehensibility of all things. Life passeth the understanding. Pyrrho is the supreme Acataleptic among the ancients. Anatole France is the supreme Acataleptic among the ultra-moderns. Between stands the great figure of Michel de Montaigne, on whose tomb is graven that profoundly religious question, "What Do I Know?"

If catalepsy is a "possession," acatalepsy is a state of ultimate freedom.

"The story of an intellectual Odyssey" some one has beautifully called the career of Anatole France, from the publication of "Alfred de Vigny, étude" (1868) to "What Our Dead Say" (1916).

Odyssey, indeed! for the adventures of Ulysses-Anatole on the planet Earth were worth the recording, and the destination is of no importance. Anatole France is the Ulysses of literature, as Victor Hugo was the Homer of creeds.

The world is a whimsey. Nothing can be proven; nothing disproven. "Eureka" was uttered by a madman (an ironical madman, Poe).

Anatole smiles and smiles (like Renan) and is not a villain, for, if he has given us irony as shield to fend the slings and arrows of outrageous gods, he has also uttered the word Pity.

Apollo and Dionysus are his gods—Contemplation and Ecstasy. Eat, drink and make merry, for to-morrow you may be an immortal, and it shall be asked of you, "Did you love my earth or reject it?" For the kingdom of the Anatolian heaven is made up of sane pagans.

The vast smile of the great Frenchman dissolves all systems. The system-nets woven by the Teutonic-minded will never strangle him in their folds. Through the walls of all the granite superstitions, whether scientific, political or religious, he passes like

(Continued on page 68)



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

ANATOLE FRANCE



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

The Crystal

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

THE kind-hearted fairy who always wants to help mankind and whose constant endeavor it is to provide the largest measure of good for the greatest number of people, said one day to her mischievous friend who derides such undertakings as foolish and hopeless:

"At last I have achieved something that will insure the true happiness of mankind. My very best gnomes and pixies have worked for years on this invention until they succeeded; and now we can soon start to produce in masses that newest marvel of fairy skill. You may believe me, it is the very best thing ever done in this *genre*. Fortunato's purse, the Invisible Cloak, the Flying Carpet and other old-fashioned wonders of bygone times cannot compare with this most modern magic contrivance." And with these words she showed her friend a glittering and shimmering crystal ball that looked somewhat like a desk ornament and somewhat like an ostrich egg and felt deliciously cool and smooth to the touch of caressing fingers.

"And what is the magic potency of this crystal?" asked the mischievous fairy with her mocking smile.

"It permits a look into the future," explained the kind-hearted fairy with justified pride. "Whenever my protégés have done something exceedingly fool-

ish, whenever they have been disobedient and reckless, losing their happiness and wasting the magic gifts I presented to them, they come tearfully to me and exclaim piteously: 'If we had only known what would happen! If we had only guessed what trouble we were inviting, what unhappiness was lying in store for us! If we had only been able to look into the future—surely we should have acted quite differently.' Well, here they have something that will show them the future, and it is clear that with the help of this magic crystal they will easily avoid all their constant tragic errors and all the fatal mistakes of their foolish hearts and become truly and everlastingly happy. I am going to give the first crystal to my god-child, the pretty little Melissa, as a birthday present, and afterwards I shall hasten the production of the magic crystals and distribute them by the wholesale over the earth, so as to create, at last, the true blessedness of my beloved human charges." And, delighted and bustling, she hurried away without listening to the

silvery pealing and mocking laughter of the other, the skeptical fairy.

The pretty little Melissa received the magic gift with all due pleasure and appreciation, and promised her god-

(Continued on page 63)

Top Panel:
THE DEATH OF SIMONETTA
A Ben Ali Haggin tableau in the
Ziegfeld Follie

Photograph by White Studios

George Bernard Shaw's Beginnings

By Frank Harris

[Frank Harris is starting a new series of contemporary portraits in SHADOWLAND. Next month he will discuss Sir James Barrie. No one is better fitted to discuss the foremost men of English letters than Mr. Harris, who has known the big men of England and the Continent intimately thru his long and illustrious career as author and editor.]

SHAW has written about his father and mother and about his life in Dublin at such length and with such a wealth of detail that little needs to be added.

He was born in '56 of what Carlyle called "gigmanity" or genteel middle-class people. His father was second cousin to a baronet, a snob who considered himself an Irish Protestant gentleman. His mother was an extraordinary woman with an immense talent for music, who became one of the best singing mistresses of her time and later taught at a college in London with extraordinary success till she was between seventy and eighty years of age; she had both brains and humor, sympathetic humor, extraordinarily developed.

Shaw tells of going to four successive schools where "my parents got me out of the way for half a day. In these *crèches*—for that is exactly what they were—I learnt nothing. How I could have been such a sheep as to go to them, when I could just as easily have flatly refused, puzzles and exasperates me to this day. They did me a great deal of harm, and no good whatever . . . And if you can in any public way convey to these idiotic institutions my hearty curse, you will relieve my feelings infinitely . . . As a schoolboy I was incorrigibly idle and worthless. And I am proud of the fact . . .

"When I was a little boy, I was compelled to go to church on Sunday; and, tho I escaped from that intolerable bondage before I was ten, it prejudiced me so violently against church-going that twenty years elapsed before, in foreign lands, and in pursuit of works of art, I became once more a church-goer."

Shaw, too, has told how his mother had the good fortune to meet a great musical genius, George Vandaleur Lee, who

taught her singing and music. He tells how as a small boy he could whistle and sing from the first bar to the last, not only nearly all the chief operas of Wagner, Mozart and Beethoven he had heard, but many oratorios as well.

The other educational influence of his boyhood and youth was the National Gallery of Ireland. He said humorously once that he "thought he was the only Irishman except the officials who had ever been there." He sums up the whole matter unerringly:

"If religion is that which binds men to one another, and irreligion that which sunders, then I must testify that I found the religion of my country in its musical genius and its irreligion in its churches and drawing-rooms."

Asked about his talent as a writer, Shaw declared that he had never wanted to be a writer. He had wanted to be a Michelangelo or, as a boy; a clown in the circus, but never a writer.

"One cannot want," he adds, "what one has got." And in the same way he declares that he never had any success. "What came to me was invariably failure. By the time I wore it down I knew too much to care for either failure or success."

In a paper called *The Candid Friend* that I edited in London from 1900 on for sometime in defence of the Boers, Shaw summed up the matter under the title, "Who I Am and What I Think."

"Whilst I am not sure that the want of money lames a poor man more than the possession of it lames a rich one, I am quite sure that the class which has the pretensions and prejudices and habits of the rich without its money, and the poverty of the poor without the freedom to avow poverty—in short, the people who don't go to the theater because they cannot afford the stalls and are ashamed to be seen in the gallery—are the worst-off of all; to be educated neither at the Board School nor at the Birkbeck nor at the University, but at (Cont. on page 61)



Photograph by Bachrode Studio

GRANT MITCHELL

Once the "Tailor-Made Man," now the star of "The Champion"



The attractive flower girl pictured above is Alma Mamays, of the prettiest of the Ziegfeld beauties. At the right, in piquant romantic garb, is Babe Marlowe. Frills and furbelows certainly become Miss Marlowe

Beauty and Broadway

Charmers of the Ziegfeld
Frolic

Photograph, left, by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Photograph, below, by White Studios



To the Great White Way Comes
Much of the Pulchritude of Amer-
ica, Seeking Success in the Mimic
World

Photograph, right, by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Photograph, below, by White Studios



Just above is Virginia
Bell, whose dancing is
a feature of the Ziegfeld
Roof. At the left is Perle
Germonde, one of the
favorites of the Midnight
Frolic

Into the Sea of the Moon and Sixpence

By Herbert Howe

ONLY a few gold-popped days remained before W. Somerset Maugham quit the picture zone of Southern California to sail beyond the land of his Moon and Sixpence.

"I am going to the Benda sea," he said, as we sat beneath a pepper-sheltered pergola of the Hollywood Hotel.

"And where is the Benda sea?" I asked.

"I—I really haven't the slightest idea," he replied in that halting, whimsical drawl which has the suavity of his sociable comedies. He belongs—at least he seemed to belong that day—to the tea table circles of "Our Betters" rather than to the land of "The Moon and Sixpence."

"Will you have a cigarette, or do you smoke my brand?" He extended a case of Virginias.

"I have the distinction," he drawled, "of being the only one in America smoking American cigarettes."

This was the intimate Maugham of the stage. I wondered where the other was, the creator of the grim-chiselled Titan who found tragedy in soft Tahiti. And I found that he had been discovered in Russia.

"A most curious thing all around, that 'Moon and Sixpence,'" he observed, ordering tea to be brought. "I was on official duty in Russia during the chaos. I was feeling wretched, having a touch of tuberculosis of the lungs. With tuberculosis of the lungs in Russia one might do most anything. I wrote 'The Moon and Sixpence.' I was of no earthly use. None of us were; our hands were tied. So I thought I might as well amuse myself. That was my only motive in writing it. To this day I am sure I don't know what there is about it that has made it popular."

Thru this novel the world at large discovered the Maugham brilliance, which previously had been irradiated by the footlights, chiefly in metropolitan centers. He wrote his first novel at the age of twenty-one, hence "Liza of Lambeth" is immature. He then turned to the stage with his first play, "The Man of Honor."

"It was a serious play, and very nearly ruined me," is his comment on that effort. "Then I peddled 'Lady Frederick' all over London until I finally found a manager who was willing to take it for a stop gap. The success it achieved made it possible for me to market immediately the four others which I'd written in the meantime and had had rejected."



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Then came "Jack Straw," "Mrs. Dot," "The Explorer," "Penelope," "Smith," "The Land of Promise," "Our Betters," and "The Tenth Man"—ten plays in eight years. At the break of war, the playwright enlisted in the ambulance service and, for the first time since his graduation from St. Thomas, was addressed correctly as Dr. Maugham.

"Yes, I have a license to write prescriptions in England," he said. "But, most unfortunately, I have none for the United States where one needs prescriptions most."

After his graduation from Heidelberg at the age of eighteen, he became an interne at St. Thomas Hospital in London. No sooner did he receive his license to practice as a physician than he opened an office—and wrote a novel! He assured me that nothing short of a world war would have brought him back to the medical profession, and even then it was not for long. His

knowledge of six languages caused his transfer to the Intelligence Department. He represented the governments of Great Britain and the United States in Russia thru a long period of revolutionary chaos. Mr. Maugham—he waives the dignity of Dr. since it brings no stimulus here—believes a tremendously interesting story will come out of Russia when the clouds of propaganda have cleared.

"Those who have been kicked out naturally are a bit ruffled from their mode of exit. They spread preposterous tales. I have read of massacres and all sorts of diabolical things occurring in places where I lived at the time. And all was so disgustingly peaceful I had to write a novel! Other writers have made hurried excursions thru Russia to learn facts, but one cannot form conclusions by the hotel accommodations."

Mr. Maugham does not believe in speaking without authority, hence his statements pertaining to the motion picture are with the omnipresent, "if I may." The same chance which directed the writing of "The Moon and Sixpence" directed him into pictures. He came to California to visit his friend, Edward Knoblock, who is a member of the Lasky literati, and was requested by Mr. Lasky to do one story for the screen. Mr. Maugham is credited with the observation, "They want us to lift pictures from the rut, but as soon as one puts a foot out, they shout, 'Hey, take that foot in!'"

(Continued on page 63)

Advance Stuff

A Play in One Act

By Gladys Hall

Illustrated by C. D. Batchelor

THE scene is a suburban living-room, weirdly, likewise conscientiously, "done." There are Japanese Orientals—or nearly so—on the O'Cedared floors. There is canny, far Eastern chintz at the windows. A blue vase contains a single slender pussy-willow with the fortuitous air of being a deft touch. An amazing bird dies slowly in a wicker grotesquery. The lights have parchment shades in orange and black. A copy of Oscar Wilde is a telling note on the center table. Everything is weird designedly, save the room, which is intrinsically suburban and seems to be meekly resenting the affronts put upon it and to be respectable.

Lorna is discovered ensconced in a fan-shaped wicker chair perusing "The New Democracy" and smoking a nonchalant cigaret. Her hair is bobbed. Probably her point of view as well. She wears a blue, cotton-crêpe smock and is "in the picture," so to speak.

Patrick is her husband. Likewise a part of the landscape.

Lorna puts down "The New Democracy" and picks up "Peppy Pastime." Her young, somewhat petulant face takes on a sentimental expression. Her brilliant, rather hard eyes, grow dreamful. She lights, with a painfully accustomed air, her sixth cigaret and addresses Patrick, very significantly.

LORNA:

Dear, do you know what day tomorrow is?

PATRICK:

(Reading on.) Tuesday.

LORNA:

I said what day it is!

PATRICK:

I said Tuesday. It is Tuesday.

LORNA:

(Plaintively.) But, de-ar, its meaning—its—its significance—

PATRICK:

Bills. First th' month.



LORNA:

(With wifely reproachfulness, which never varies in either semi-nasal tone or mode of expression).

Lorna, the heroine of "Advance Stuff," wears her hair bobbed. Probably her point of view as well. She wears a blue, cotton-crêpe smock and is "in the picture," so to speak.

Oh, Patrick, and only three little years ago you called that day your "carnival commemoration"—your "song of songs"—I mean "day of days"—I get you so confused with Sudermann—your—your—and now—

PATRICK:

(Laying aside his paper and part of his abstraction.) It's our anniversary. Yes? No?

LORNA:

Of course! The day—the time—on which we can regain that "first fine careless rapture"—that—

PATRICK:

Can we? Can you? (Aside) This is some of that queer stuff she falls for.

LORNA:

Why, what do you mean, Pat?

PATRICK:

(Half seriously, half cautiously.) No spoofing, old kid. You and I have gone in for all the advance stuff. Individualism—that's us. Rights of the Individual. Nietzscheism. Freedom of thought (and action). We

can tell a Czecho-Slav from a Hester Street kike, we can. Theosophy from dietetics—an' everything. We took the vow we'd be honest with each other—strip our souls, I believe you called it—all the nude effects. Oh, you know, you mapped it all out—

LORNA:

(*With the feministic fear of change tinging her former assurance.*) Pat, if you've got a point I wish you'd get to it.

PATRICK:

Geometrically, I was describing a circle. However, what were your carnival plans for this, our seventh demonstration of conjugal felicity? Our revival of the much interred honeyed moon?

LORNA:

(*Sing-song fashion.*) Why—cc—you to send me violets from the corner florist, with one orchid in the exact center. I to meet you at the Wiltmore for a bust, I mean a dinner—then theater, best jubilation seats,—then supper, a bottle of wine, home or a hotel, then—

PATRICK:

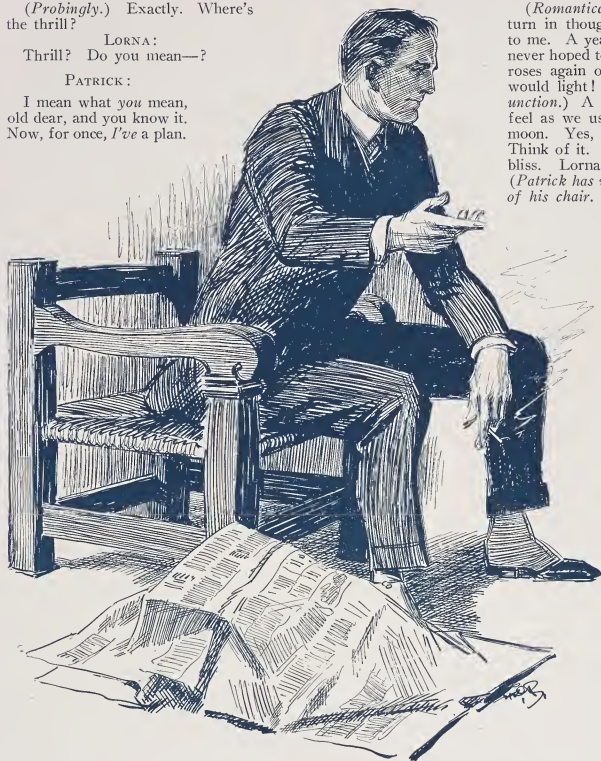
(*Probingly.*) Exactly. Where's the thrill?

LORNA:

Thrill? Do you mean—?

PATRICK:

I mean what you mean, old dear, and you know it. Now, for once, I've a plan.



Suppose—what if we spend this anniversary—apart?

LORNA:

Apart? A—honey-moon—er—revival—apart? Why, I never heard of such a thing!

PATRICK:

(*With a distinct air of achievement.*) That's just it! Neither did I. I don't believe any one of even your crowd ever did either. In brief, I've done it. Your—er—our cult is the unusual, always the unusual, the unheard of, as you've so often pointed out to me on various occasions. The little matters of bobbing your perfectly good hair, for example, the incursions into the somewhat unhygienic Village, the pallid youths who vers-libre libly all over the parlor-bedroom-and-bath—not that these particular things are really unusual—alas, no,—but they are supposed to be, which is half the Chateau-Thierry. Now—what do you say?

LORNA:

(*Rather at a loss.*) But I—but you—what would we do?

PATRICK:

(*Romantically.*) Apart, Lorna, we would turn in thought instinctively, I to you, you to me. A yearning would set in such as we never hoped to feel again. We would breathe roses again of a long dead June. A flame would light! (*He repeats this with evident unctious.*) A flame would light! We would feel as we used to feel on that first honey-moon. Yes, we would feel as then we felt. Think of it. The rapture. The fever. The bliss. Lorna, we might—regain—Paradise. (*Patrick has worked himself to the very edge of his chair. He waves declamatory hands.*) He is evidently warming to his subject.)

LORNA:

(*Thoughtfully, as tho weighing values.*) It does sound unique. Do you think it might—get across?

PATRICK:

(*Uncertainly, descending from Parnassus.*) Get—across?

LORNA:

Sound well, you know. Fit in. You see, we are really the only ones in our set, in the Village, for the matter of that, who are not keeping up with the age. We haven't ever done anything to advance the Cause of Modernity. . . . Oh, my hair . . . I know. But that isn't far reaching in its effect. Of course, Patrick, this may be

"We would feel as we used to feel on that first honey-moon," said Patrick, romantically. "Yes, we would feel as then we felt. Think of it. The rapture. The fever. The bliss. Lorna—we might—regain—Paradise!"

propagating an ideal. That is to say, it may have tentacles. It may be noised abroad. The others may hear of it and grow controversial. If I thought . . . If I thought we could be subjects of discussion in the Village, Patrick, I believe I could die happy—live happy at any rate. Probably I'd be asked to go into the movies. I'd have some sort of publicity at any rate. There are several clubs I have looked at with a longing eye, but have never done anything to qualify myself for membership. Such as a long-haired poet. You see, Patrick, you so obviously *aren't* scandalous. I can't get us into the papers—but if *we*—

PATRICK:

O-oh, you are referring, in a somewhat devious way, to press-agency, the fungous growth of modern achievement. Really, Lorna, you grow more and more and more . . .

LORNA:

And more. Whatever you mean. But, anyway, Pat, your idea has atmosphere. I am surprised, I don't mind admitting to you, in *atmosphere* emanating from you. I can't imagine what Freud would make of it. And, after all, what else is there in life? *What else?* Atmosphere is everything. It is the Supreme Actuality. It is All.

Our honeymoon night spent alone and apart. It has a sublimated aura. It savors, nicely, of renunciation, pale without being passionless. I believe I *would* yearn. It would be very nice to yearn again. I recall yearning quite pleasantly, now that yearning is over. Why do you suppose people stop yearning? Nothing ever quite replaces it. You have to go to see Ben-Ami suffer to acquire something of the same cosmic consciousness. Then, too, it would be sort of *fine* wouldn't it? Sort of *spiritual* . . . so to speak.

PATRICK:

(*Not too modestly.*) Well, that's what I thought, so to speak. I don't recall that I yearned in those days. I always had indigestion and almost always insomnia. Still, probably, those were other manifestations of the same thing. Different persons take different things differently, you know. No, I don't think I'd yearn. But I would be sentimental, I suppose. I'd get to going over the Past. I'd remember . . . there's quite a lot to remember, Lorna, now we stop to think about it. I like remembering. That's the only actuality, I believe. Yes, I'd be remembering . . .

LORNA:

Well, I'll be with you!

PATRICK:

Er . . . ?

LORNA:

Not, I should say!

Done!

PATRICK:

(*Curtain drops for a minute to denote a lapse of two days. It rises on evening of third day to disclose a trim maid (they always are trim—in one-act plays) lighting the parchment lights and otherwise pictorially ushering in the grey-shod evening. Door to front opens and Lorna enters dressed in smart trotteur effect and carrying a small bag. Deposits bag, looks over mail on tray, evinces nervousness, asks with palpable effort:*

LORNA:

Has Mr. Drummond come in yet, Ophelia?

MAID:

No, ma'am. He's late, ain't he?

LORNA:

(*Sharply.*) Better late than never, Ophelia, bear that in mind.

OPHELIA:

(*With a side glance.*) Yes, ma'am. But if there ain't a man about, ma'am, there's no need to be bearing in mind. There ain't no need for me, ma'am.

Will you step to the pantry, ma'am, to take a look at the salad? I tried the new dressing, and . . .

(*Lorna and maid exult. Several minutes elapse during which the amazing bird expires if he can be induced to do so, and then the front door re-opens and Patrick*





"Has Mr. Drummond come in yet, Ophelia?" asked Lorna. "No, ma'am," replied the maid. "He's late, ain't he?" "Better late than never, Ophelia, bear that in mind," responded Lorna, sharply.

his sublimation. He catches sight of Lorna's valise and seems to be considering it with more thought than it deserves. Walks over to it.)

PATRICK:

(In the best possible stage whisper.) This will be a good place for me to drop my little peace off—my anniversary gift. I'll—she'll—what th'—

(He has dived into the valise and is rummaging about. Lifts out with a vague air a pair of masculine military brushes. Turns them this way and that. Looks into valise again. Gingerly examines a shred or two of very fragile, very intriguing crepe-de-chineys. Turns again to consideration of brushes. Suddenly his grim face melts to tenderness. Speaks:)

enters. He is dressed smartly, carries a grip and looks immensely fagged. His air of perfervidness seems to have fallen from him. Likewise

(Lorna goes to her suit-case. Patrick runs his hands thru his hair in an anticipatory fashion. Lorna comes over to him.)

A . . . ?

Yes.

(Patrick is again the first to speak. He gulps several times. He essays a laugh.)

So—so unique.

PATRICK:

LORNA:

(Staring off into who knows what space.) On—another plane—
(Their eyes meet and their mouths twist in parodies of mirth.)

CURTAIN

The poor kid! She's brought me a—er—an anniversary gift, too—and I was thinking—bah, taint seeps!

(Hears approaching foot-falls, throws hands over head and exits.)

(Lorna comes in swiftly. Glances about, sees Patrick's suit-case. Smiles, rather stiffly.)

LORNA:

(Rather out of breath—over a husband.) So—he has come!

(Looks up the stairway, then smiles, inspirationally. Goes over to Patrick's suit-case.)

LORNA:

This will be a cunning place for me to hide my little repent—my honeymoon giftie. (Tip-toes over and opens suit-case, fumbling in it. Pauses and draws back hastily, holding a jeweled anklet in her hands. Speaks.)

Why (Examines it closely. Face lights suddenly to tenderness, to compassion.) The darling! He has brought me this! I thought it looked—worn—decadence spreads—

(Patrick runs down the stairway, into the room. Lorna steps toward him. There is a silence. Not a married silence. A potential one. Patrick is the first to speak, after casting a nervous glance at his opened suit-case. He goes over to it and comes toward her again.)

PATRICK:

I—I brought you a—little giftie, darling—a—twist-watch!

LORNA:

A . . . ?

PATRICK:

Yes.

(Lorna goes to her suit-case. Patrick runs his hands thru his hair in an anticipatory fashion. Lorna comes over to him.)

I—brought you a giftie, too, darling, a—pen-knife.

PATRICK:

LORNA:

(Patrick is again the first to speak. He gulps several times. He essays a laugh.)

So—so unique.

PATRICK:

LORNA:

(Staring off into who knows what space.) On—another plane—
(Their eyes meet and their mouths twist in parodies of mirth.)

CURTAIN

The Play That Went 'Round the World

By Oliver M. Sayler

WHENEVER the spirits run low in contemplation of the estate of the American drama, there is antidote at hand ready to restore confidence and even pride in the output of the native playwright. Take down from the bookshelf a copy of that exquisite accident of the theater, "The Yellow Jacket," let the memory reconstruct from its quaint language that fabric of humor and of fantasy which eight years and more ago came like an unheralded troubadour to our stage, and then recall that since that November matinee in 1912 this "Chinese play done in a Chinese manner" by two Americans has been welcomed as an august and honorable gift by the capitals of two other continents and two hemispheres. Better still it is to sit again in the presence of the exotic charm of this citizen of the world, a boon which the Coburns have granted once more this season with their second revival of the play.

For "The Yellow Jacket" really is an American play, the errant dream of two citizens of these United States which would have remained locked up in the secret treasure-house of the Orient if George C. Hazelton and J. Harry Benrimo had not dared to honor the vagrant fancy that flashed across their minds by committing it to paper and by carrying it thence to the stage. Chinese in its inspiration, in the richness of its trappings,



Photograph by Mary Dale Clarke

in the shrewd and kindly wisdom of its philosophy, it is American after all in its eager utilization of all these elements and in the bold constructive sense which fuses them into an original and unified whole. "What Chinese art and culture could make fine and beautiful, such as fabrics and armor," wrote James O'Donnell Bennett at

the time of the first Chicago engagement, "were fine and beautiful to an amazing degree; what Chinese art and culture wished you to take for granted was as primitive as the expedient of children 'playing stage' with the dining-room chairs." And, it might be added, what the American sense of humor conceived as amusing in Oriental custom and viewpoint became the source of frank and honest fun, even if, as in the case of the bored ministrations of the "intensely invisible" Property Man, the Chinese accepted him in sober earnest; what the American saw as curiously beautiful was

thus depicted, even when, as with the simple make-believe of the love-boat, the Chinese took it all for granted.

Chinese as it is, American as it must un-

Upper right, Mrs. Coburn as Chee Moo in the recent revival of "The Yellow Jacket." Left, the love boat scene of "The Yellow Jacket," with Antoinette Walker as Autumn Cloud and Donald Gallaher as Wu Hoo Git

Photograph by Clara G. Sippl





doubtedly be considered, "The Yellow Jacket" is just as truly international. Charles Frohman saw that implication and potentiality when he said after the first performance, "It is a wonderful play and will be seen all over the world." His prophecy has become literally true—so true that in many countries the play has been welcomed and accepted as a gift from nowhere, without thought of its sources. During the summer of 1914

after the first wave of its foreign triumphs, incredulity had to be overcome in every corner of Europe with the insistence that the work which had won their admiration was the product of the American creative imagination. "The Yellow Jacket" has enjoyed wonderful friendships," one of its authors, Mr. Hazelton, has recently said, "... perhaps the most wonderful of any modern play—and, if it had not been for those friendships, its authorship, I fear, would have remained upon the shelf."

The play needed friendships in its early days. Widespread American appreciation of American works of art, just as too often before and since, waited on foreign approval before it recognized the full worth of native effort. Composed in an apartment in 22nd Street, New York, by two actors who had won a secure place in their profession, "The Yellow Jacket" was disclosed to

the public by the firm of Harris and Selwyn, Inc., at the Fulton Theater, November 4, 1912. After a run of about three months, not too well patronized despite enthusiastic criticisms, the play was taken on tour to Chicago and other cities through the spring and fall of 1913 and then abandoned in the face of apparent apathy. In this original production, Signor Perugini appeared in the rôle of Chorus, Arthur Shaw as the Property Man, George Relph as Wu Hoo Git, Schuyler Ladd as the Daffodil, Antoinette Walker as Tso, Saxone Morland as Chee Moo, and Juliette Day as Plum Blossom. Variants in the course of the tour were David Powell and Walter Hampden as Wu Ho Git, Thomas Jackson as the Property Man and Edward Darby as the Daffodil.

Foreign friendships began to develop almost immediately. Under the patronage of Gaston Mayer and Robert Loraine, "The Yellow Jacket" was launched on the long run at the Duke of York's Theater, London, March 27, 1913, with George Relph exchanging his original rôle for that of the Daffodil and with Holman Clark as the Property Man, Frederick Ross as Chorus and F. Cowley Wright as Wu Hoo Git. The Chinese ambassador to the Court of St. James declared, "It is so Chinese as to make me homesick." And one of the secrets of the vogue which developed for the play was thus sensed by the critic of the London *Standard* the day after the opening, "At the close

of the second act everybody in the packed refreshment bar was saying, 'Will you take an august coffee or a celestial whisky and soda?' And we know how that sort of thing spreads."

The honorable contagion of the brothers of the Pear Tree Garden and of the en-

(Cont. on page 62)



Upper left, "The Yellow Jacket," as produced by Max Reinhardt at the Kammertheater in Berlin in 1914. Center, design for the Moscow Kamerny Theater production of the fantasy. Below, another moment, the love boat scene, from the Max Reinhardt production in Berlin



A Scotch "Mary Stuart," a French "Toto" and an English "Mr. Pim Passes By"

By The Critic

JOHN DRINKWATER'S newest drama, "Mary Stuart," left the critics in puzzled disagreement. Some of them went so far as to call it more vivid and imaginative than the poet-dramatist's "Abraham Lincoln," while the other half of the critical contingent pronounced it disappointing.

From our own point of view, we believe it to be interesting, but falling short in a curious, cramped way. One or two other commentators have made this same point and the analysis of one writer comes close to the mark. In "Abraham Lincoln," Drinkwater, at heart the poet rather than the practical man of the theater, wrote a gently realistic chronicle play within a poetic and symbolic framework. The play succeeded, the public disregarding the poetry and symbolism in its applause for the reincarnated Lincoln. This disregard of intentions seems to have caused Drinkwater himself to follow the public. In "Mary Stuart" he seems involved and labored in his efforts to transform a character from the poetic symbolism of his mind's eye to a queen, conventionalized and modernized for the public taste and cast amid pagantry and passion. Not that "Mary Stuart" lacks elements of distinction. It has color, many fine speeches and the touch of an understanding imagination.

"Mary Stuart" is written in odd form. It runs in a single, continuous scene for about an hour and a half, introduced by a modern prolog. In this opening interlude Drinkwater seeks to show how the life of Mary Stuart is applicable to a problem of today, specifically the question of a husband who finds his wife in love with another man, altho' she vows her love for him also. Can a woman love more than one man at a time? asks Drinkwater and, curiously, he seeks to prove his answer in the life of the unhappy Mary who did not find one real love. For this daughter of the house of Stuart greatly loved, the chance brought her only trash. As Mary herself says, thru the words of Drinkwater:

"I'm hungry—do you understand? All this—my body, and my imagination. Hungry for peace—for the man who can establish my heart. . . . There are tides in

me as fierce as any that have troubled women. And they are restless, always, always. Do you think I desire that? Do you think that I have no other longings—to govern with a clear brain, to learn my people, to prove myself against these foreign jealousies, to see strong children about me, to play with an easy, festival mind, to walk the evenings at peace? Do you think I choose this hungry grief of passion—deal in it like a poet?"

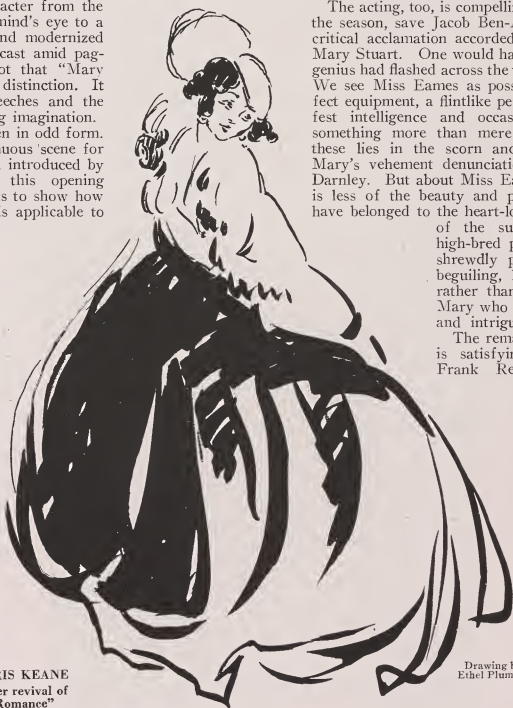
The action of "Mary Stuart" moves thru a single night, the evening of the unlucky Rizzio's death. In it appear three of the men to whom the passionate queen gave of her love: the sulking and depraved Darnley, her husband; the fawning, whining, perfumed Rizzio; and the bullying swashbuckler, Bothwell. Obviously, this is but a mere fragment in the life of the complex queen, living her drear and lonely existence in dour Scotch Holyrood. But, as we have noted, Drinkwater draws his picture with intelligence and imagination. It will interest you.

The acting, too, is compelling. No player of the season, save Jacob Ben-Ami, received the critical acclamation accorded Clare Eames as Mary Stuart. One would have thought a new genius had flashed across the theatrical horizon. We see Miss Eames as possessing an imperfect equipment, a flintlike personality, a manifest intelligence and occasional flashes of something more than mere force. One of these lies in the scorn and fire that mark Mary's vehement denunciation of the pitiful Darnley. But about Miss Eames' Mary there is less of the beauty and passion that must have belonged to the heart-lonely queen, than

of the subtle, politic and high-bred princess. She is shrewdly prim rather than beguiling, keen and cold rather than the hot-blooded Mary who knew the warmth and intrigue of France.

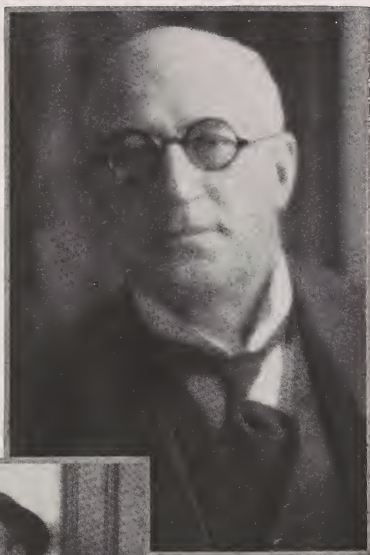
The remainder of the cast is satisfying. There are Frank Reicher's excellent performance as the perfumed and cowardly Rizzio, and Leslie Palmer's skilful portrayal of Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, for instance. The other characterizations are quite as good.

"Mary Stuart" (Continued on page 58)



DORIS KEANE
In her revival of
"Romance"

Drawing by
Ethel Plummer



Top left, H. L. Mencken, one of America's literary leaders and a critic and writer of fearlessness, high ideals and unusual discernment. Upper right, Charles Dana Gibson, who has moved from a mere creator of "Gibson Girls" to a distinguished position in our art and letters. Right, Robert Edmond Jones, the leader of our radicals in stagecraft and an artist of unique abilities



Three Interesting Americans

Photographs
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by
E. O. Hoppe

Clare Eames On Acting

By Walter Prichard Eaton

MISS CLARE EAMES, the tall, slender, fair-skinned, aristocratic interpreter of the title rôle in Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," and who in certain of these respects so resembles her famous aunt, Madame Emma Eames, the opera singer, came to the stage neither by necessity nor inheritance. Her family in Cleveland are what the newspapers describe as "prominent", and her early training, one fancies, was highly sophisticated, giving her every opportunity to cultivate the æsthetic graces and conventional values of life, both here and in Paris. But she grew up not in Victorian days, but in the early 20th century, and it was easier for her to find a channel for some practical expression of her individuality than it would have been, say, for her mother. Miss Eames herself tells how in her girlhood she purchased an entire armful of peonies from a vender, and claspings them to her bosom, with a grey tulle veil streaming from her hat, paraded up Euclid Avenue to the vast

embarrassment of the youth who was escorting her. This was in her post-Oscar Wilde period. But when she felt the need for a more orderly and significant form of self-expression, there was nothing to prevent her coming to New York and attending Dr. Sargent's dramatic school, to find out if she could, perhaps, act.

"I very soon decided that I couldn't," she says. "I thought too much about what I was doing. However, the school persuaded me to stick it out, and give myself a trial on the professional stage, so I did. And here I am."

Her first appearance was but a few years ago, at the Greenwich Village Theater, as *Sophie*, in Schnitzler's play, "The Big Scene". After that she had the usual experience of playing many small parts in many plays that failed, often before they reached New York. She also acted (oddly enough, since she is now playing Mary Stuart) Mary's great rival, Queen Elizabeth, in "Freedom" at the Century Theater, in 1918. After that she was again in several failures, including one produced by Miss Anglin, and then played with Ethel Barrymore a



Photograph by Allan

CLARE EAMES
as Mary, Queen of Scots

year in "Deçlassé", and was finally acting Elizabeth again (this time before Elizabeth was queen) in Faversham's production of "The Prince and the Pauper", when Mr. Harris and Mr. Drinkwater picked her to play Mary Stuart.

In spite of a nervous and emotional intensity that is quite apparent, even in conversation, Miss Eames seems still somewhat troubled in her own mind by her propensity to think. That may be why she so greatly admires such an actor as Ben Ami, who appears so instinctive in his expression of the emotions. When somebody in G. M. Cohan's play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate", accuses *Myra* of being "a blackmailer, pure and simple," she replies that she never heard of a pure and simple blackmailer. "And, alas," said Miss Eames the other day, "in the soul of an artist—of most artists, at any rate—there is no such thing as a pure and simple emotion. In the soul of the artist is a watcher who sits forever in judgment, or sees everything as 'copy.' Do you re-

member the story of Talma, the great French actor, who uttered a piercing scream of grief when he found his father dead, and almost instantly said he must remember the exact accent of that scream, it was so effective? That doesn't mean that his grief was not genuine, but it certainly means that it was neither pure nor simple."

"But surely without that watcher sitting in judgment in the artist's soul, his effects would be unrestrained and unguided," said her interviewer, "unless they were effective, save by accident now and then? Isn't it this very dual nature of his emotions which makes him an artist?"

"To a certain extent, yes, of course," she answered. "But I rather feel that the element of technique in acting has been overestimated, and the element of simple, direct sensitiveness to emotion underestimated; and that in certain players, and some of them the greatest, the success of the performance comes from an almost psychopathic absorption in the emotions of the part, a consciously guided technical plan having very little to do with it."

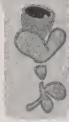
"Take the case of Ben Ami," she went on, "in the

(Continued on page 59)



CLARA JOEL

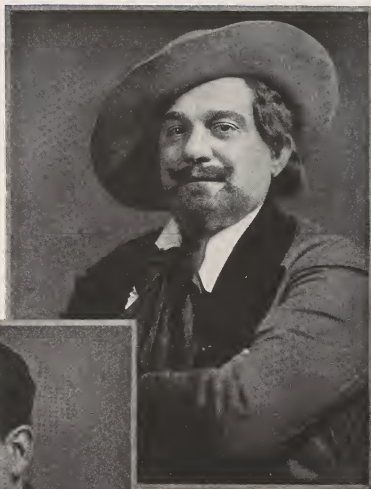
*An interesting study of the actress
by Maurice Goldberg*



After Caruso— What?

By Pitts Sanborn

IT has always been inevitable that some day Enrico Caruso should sing for the last time. But the powers that govern the Metropolitan Opera House have persistently behaved as if that day would coincide with the end of the world. They have treated the Caruso element of the theater's yearly functioning as if it were bound to outlast the rock foundations of Manhattan Island. They have invited the nickname of "carousel," which one wit long ago bestowed on their theater. In the homely phrase of commerce, they bravely put all their eggs in one basket, taking cheerfully the proverbial risks attendant on such a concentration of riches and fragility. Enrico Caruso came to the Metropolitan in November, 1903. More than once in the intervening years the question has had to be asked, "After Caruso—what?" One recalls his illness of 1909 and his other illness of 1911. Each time



Pitts Sanborn believes that Mario Chamlee may inherit the mantle of Enrico Caruso. Mr. Chamlee is pictured in the center of the page and, at the lower right, as Mario in "Tosca." At the upper right is Orville Harrold as Rudolph in "La Boheme." At the lower left is Giovanni Martinelli as Don Jose in "Carmen"



Photograph (above) by H. Tarr
Photographs (right and left) ©
by Mishkin



doubts were expressed as to his ever singing again. Each time there was no avoiding the fateful question. And, fortunately, each time Mr. Caruso recovered.

In spite of the fact that there were always other distinguished artists in the Metropolitan company, Mr. Caruso for seventeen years held the sceptre and wore the crown. By divine right of voice, of

(Cont. on page 60)



My Lady Fashion

By
The Rambler



JUNE-TIME and bloom-time. The shops are a rainbow of colors of indescribable beauty, inimitable, and of irresistible appeal to lovely women who throng the aisles—eager as always to break thru the chrysalis of winter clothes and burst forth in true butterfly fashion.

Someone aptly inti-

Left, sport suit and hat of new crepe mohair posed by Mildred Mayo in "The Right Girl"; right, sport suit of new crepe mohair posed by Lucille Darling in "The Right Girl"; and below evening gown of jade green velvet posed by Helen Halperin in "Lady Billy"

All photographs by Old Masters



mates that the shop windows at this season suggest bridle paths and bridal paths. The one suggesting smartly-cut, well-fitting riding habits, riding skirts and boots and other addenda of the modern sportswoman's equipment for the seashore, mountains and country. The other suggesting wedding and lingerie gowns, traveling costumes and dancing frocks, sports clothes and morning dresses—all the paraphernalia that belongs to, dainty womanhood in the blossom-time of the year.

Every woman, whether a bride, a bride-to-be or a bride of long ago has an innate fondness for the trim morning frock, the chic sports costume and the sheer beauty of

the afternoon and evening gowns of summer.

With the bewildering loveliness of the summer fabrics it is hard to decide which to take and which to leave. In range of colors, in novelty of weave and in grade of fabric they have never before been equaled.

For morning dresses, first in importance are ginghams. The designs include an endless number of smart plaids, checks, stripes in a lesser degree and plain colors. The silk finish that some of the silk ginghams have makes them rival the summer silks.

In these models, the straight-line silhouette seems to be the favorite. The waistline tends

(Continued on page 76)

"The Ladies of Yester-year"

*"Où sont les dames du temps jadis?
Où sont les neiges d'antan?"*

SO wrote Villon, the famous vagabond poet of France, some five hundred years ago. We have not yet found out what becomes of "last year's snow," but we know now, after five hundred years, what has become of "the ladies of former times." The famed beauties of history whom Villon wondered about in his immortal verse, long since dust in an earthy bed, may be bodily gone, no one knows where, but spiritually they are re-incarnated here and now in the Fame and Fortune contestants.

No beauty that ever lived, for whom men made wars, and cities were despoiled; whose deathless beauty has survived centuries of the obliterating hands of time, could be more beautiful than some of the photographs we receive in the Fame and Fortune Contest. SHADOWLAND presents two of them in this Honor Roll. Helen the Egyptian Cleopatra, the Athenian, lovelier than these

The first girl is Rhodes, 1637 Fifth Angeles, Cal. She some slight picture experience as well as cert stage. The grace of her "5 feet 3½ inches" makes an irresistible appeal. Her curly head is blonde and her eyes are blue.

The lissome young beauty below is Vera D'Artelle, 249 West 42nd St., New York City. She was a Spanish dancer in "Maytime" and a dancing slave girl in "Aphrodite" and now she dances in the pages of SHADOWLAND.

Photograph
by Lewis
Smith
Blackstone



month's
of Troy,
tra, Tha-
were no
girls.

Esther
Ave. Los
has had
and stage
the con-
youthful



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

She is an olive skinned brunette and exactly one inch taller than her blonde companion above.

Last month, SHADOWLAND's Honor Roll paid tribute to the North and South. This month it represents the East and West, and in spite of Kipling, "the twain have met." Herewith the evidence.

But the interest and activities of the contest are not confined to the U. S. alone. We re-
(Cont. on page 59)

Lines o'

Beauty



THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

Women who have been a power in the world have not always been beautiful in face and feature, but in the fascination of their hands they have woven the destiny of men and have changed the course of history.

One famous man admits his pleasant state of captivity to matrimony to a siege of the teacups. Tea-making is a domestic art harmless in itself, but far-reaching in its effects. Tea is a harmless beverage—but it becomes an insidious draft when pink-tipped fingers and milk-white hands dexterously set the kettle humming, measure the tea in its golden ball, slip bowls of sugar, plates of thinly sliced lemon and dainty cakes from cover, and range the cups in rank and file. Men have succumbed to the afternoon tea drinking habit—and aside from the eighteenth amendment—there's a reason.

The hand may bear hereditary characteristics, but as the mother may guide the growth of her baby's hands to beauty by pinching them gently to formative developments, so every woman may with proper care have hands charming, lovely—each finger a poem.

Hands differ in the elements of color, in arrangement of veins, in size and shapeliness. One's hands are rarely too large—as women sometimes imagine. We find, upon study, that the hands are consistently proportioned to the rest of the body. And, if the hands are well-groomed, the size will denote poise and strength of purpose.

Shapeliness means the well-cared-for hand which cleverly expresses action of the brain, either in pose or action.

One beauty specialist who believes that a woman's hands should be not less lovely than her face has devised a remarkable beautifying treatment for the hands. Hands which are discolored respond to it at once. Hands which are dry and shriveled from being too much in hot water, or roughened from hard work or exposure need only a few applications and they become as white and smooth as the hands of some exquisite lady in an eighteenth century painting.

At night, wash the hands with a pure soap, one that is not drying to the skin, or if possible use the famous Beauty Grains, which are

used in place of soap. Then, rub into the hands and well into the nails and cuticle the special hand cream. Massage the fingers, one at a time, from the tips down. Massage each finger at least twelve times. Rub the cream well into the hand, palm and wrist, using little rotary movements. Do not remove cream from the hands and if you have a pair of roomy old gloves to wear over them so much the better.

In the morning wash the hands with soap or the Beauty Grains and while they are still wet, rub over them some hand cream, then wipe off and dry. After a few treatments of this kind the hands will be finer in texture, fairer in color and softer to the touch. If the hands become very dirty during the day or are much in hot water, use the hand cream after washing and before drying.

Incidentally, this is but one of the many uses of the Beauty Grains. In addition to softening and whitening the skin of the hands, these magical little particles will do away with greasiness of the skin and prevent enlargement of the pores if used as a daily cleanser for the face. Men and boys also will benefit from this simple regime.

There is another process to the treatment for the hands for the woman who has an engagement for a theater or dancing party. In order that an alabaster smoothness and whiteness may be given the hands and arms there is a unique specialty which hides discolorations of the skin and proves a boon to dancers. One of its greatest boons is that it will not come off until washed off.

Artists delight not only in the shape of the hand, but in the grace, freedom and character it shows. The sculptor says that the shape of the hand is not nearly so much importance as the way it is used.

Let my lady cultivate poise, that she may use her hands naturally with unconscious grace. Let her use every modern aid in protecting and caring for them that she may use them with assurance—realizing that they most truly represent the woman as she really is.

Personal attention and authentic information on matters relating to fashions and beauty is assured readers of SHADOWLAND. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



A Scotch "Mary Stuart"

(Continued from page 51)

art" is preceded by a curtain raiser, a delightful pantomime, "A Man About Town," offered by members of the Amateur Comedy Club. This story of a day in the life of a typical Broadway rounder is deliciously done, particularly by Austin Strong in the name part and Henry Clapp Smith, whose rare pantomimic skill is revealed in flashes which range from a flirtative manicure to an insolent taxi driver.

"Toto," adapted by Achmed Abdullah from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Felix Duquesnel, provides the suave and facile Leo Dittrichstein with a new vehicle. Here again Mr. Dittrichstein plays a great lover—a middle-aged fellow of the Parisian boulevards who loves habitually and in unlimited fashion. His followers call him King Toto. But back in the town of Blois lives his puritanical wife, whose cloistered days are devoted to religion and prayers. For years the two have lived apart, their love for a grown daughter the one remaining tie. Toto's reformation, if such you may term it, ultimately brings him to this wife, whose spirituality seems about to be roughly tested. All this is hopelessly false, even for comedy purposes.

Mr. Dittrichstein gives one of his typically smooth and unfrilled performances as the man of the world, but the play is a dull and empty thing. Of the supporting company, Frances Underwood lends a human note to the rôle of the wife.

"Mr. Pim Passes By," A. A. Milne's comedy and the latest offering of the Theatre Guild, is one of those slender little English pieces. However, it is well played, in particular by Laura Hope Crews, who is one of our best comedienne.

Broadway has had two interesting revivals: Edward Sheldon's "Romance," with Doris Keane and Hartley Manners' "Peg o' My Heart," with Laurette Taylor. Of the two, Mr. Sheldon's romance of the fascinating diva, in the picturesque setting of New York in the sixties, easily holds its vitality best. The other is but a fustian piece, save for the singular vigor of its principal character. On the other hand, Miss Taylor's performances of Peg has retained much more spontaneity than the Cavallini of Miss Keane.

CAPTIVITY

By Le Baron Cooke

My friends surround me
With a wall of affection,
While I dream
Of breaks for freedom.

PATHETIQUE

By Le Baron Cooke

We burned our love
To a cinder;
Now we are pitiful,
Seeking the artificial warmth
Of memory. . . .

Clare Eames on Acting

(Continued from page 53)

play, 'Samson and Delilah.' I have been to watch him several times. I think I admire him most because he has brought a third dimension into acting, he has almost invented a new idiom. The average actor, let us say, gives us the line the character is supposed to speak. The good actor gives us both that line and also what the character is thinking about when he speaks the line. The comedy of a scene between two very polite women, who are really enemies, for instance, lies of course in the ability of the actresses to suggest what each woman is actually thinking behind her words. But all of us, as modern psychology has shown, have not only a conscious thought behind our words, but an unconscious, or, rather, subconscious emotional thought, as it might be called. There is the constant stream of the subconscious running below our surface. It is this emotional undercurrent, this subconscious life of the character, that Ben Ami also interprets in his acting. He adds a third dimension to the art of impersonation, and, in my experience, it is a new thing. It makes his acting quite terribly real. I know of a woman who left the theater after the second act because, she said, she 'could not intrude on Mr. Ben Ami's suffering any longer.' I certainly don't believe he could suggest this third dimension by any mere mental process, by technique. He does it because he lives it.

By way of proof that Ben Ami's acting is not calculated, but springs each night from felt emotion, Miss Eames points out that he varies his "business" in the rôle from day to day, except in the scenes where it would confuse the other players. When she asked him about this, she says he was himself surprised. He did not know that he was varying his performance, so complete always was his absorption in the part.

"Of course," she said, "it is one of the stock controversies of acting, as you've suggested, whether or not you do, or should, relive the emotions at each performance. It is pretty generally conceded, I suppose, that the actor has to keep his head cool enough, certainly, to control the technique of his expression. But I do believe there are certain actors, like Dusé, and like Ben Ami, who always achieve a psychopathic absorption in their parts, so that their effects are not the creation of technique at all, in the usual sense, but of actuality. They are, no doubt, rare, but when they do appear the result is acting of a very striking reality. I suppose Dusé's blush in 'Magda' was the most wonderful effect ever seen in our day on the stage—and it wasn't technique—it was reality."

The interviewer at this point recalled the famous story of Booth in "The Hunchback," which is used by Brander

Matthews and others to illustrate how a complete absorption in his rôle may spoil an actor's performance. Booth was on the stage, when he saw his daughter come into a box. Suddenly he realized how he would feel if his own child were to suffer the fate of this stage daughter of his in the play, and his emotions became real. The "watcher in his soul," however, was awake enough to suggest to him that he must be giving an unusually vivid performance that evening. But when the play was over, his daughter met him and asked him what was the matter; she had never seen him act so badly, she said.

"But I'm not at all sure his daughter was right," cried Miss Eames. "I think that story can be interpreted another way entirely from the traditional one. What really happened was this: Booth, whose whole performance had been carefully planned after the beautiful, stately, grand style of his day, suddenly began, under the stress of his real emotion, to act spontaneously and hence realistically. But he would, of course, keep pulling himself back into the style with which he was familiar, into the set mold of his regular impersonation. The result was a jumble. His acting wasn't homogeneous; the styles were mixed, and so it seemed bad. In a way, of course, it was bad. Mixed styles in art are always bad. But if he could have thrown overboard entirely his original style that evening, and, as he lived the emotions of his rôle, have let those emotions dictate a new style of expression, he might, for all one can say, have given a wonderful performance."

How far emotional sensitiveness counts in the portrayal of a rôle, Miss Eames might have illustrated from her own case, for, she says, she made it her aim, in studying Mary Stuart, to try to the utmost to feel the atmosphere of the Scotch court, to sense the roots from which Mary sprang, to feel the strange, pathetic contrast between this slender little queen reared in gay, cultured, Catholic France, and suddenly set down in drab, cold, uncouth, Protestant Scotland. Some sense of the land she had left, the life she had known and loved, must always have been subconsciously below all Mary's words and acts. How to suggest that in acting? How to render these overtones, or undertones, of a part? How except by feeling them constantly and intensely yourself? A hundred years ago, the French actor, Talma, whom Miss Eames mentioned, wrote a paper on his art, in which he said something about this emotional sensitiveness, and along these very lines. It may be that Ben Ami and Miss Eames are not so entirely modern, after all. It may be that good acting has always been much the same, beneath its outward styles.

The Ladies of Yester Year

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ceive pictures from all over the world. Last week a member of the Russian nobility submitted her picture to the contest. Once a great lady, always a great lady, but such are the vicissitudes of nobility in Russia today, that she is dancing for her livelihood now in France. Photographs come from Australia, Holland, France, Italy, Norway, Belgium and other countries, too numerous to mention. We even have a dainty almond-eyed miss from Japan. And they are still pouring in in an unabated flow.

All of which goes to prove that beauty does not go the impetuous way of "last year's snow," but lives again and yet again; not poor pale ghosts of long ago but flesh and blood reality of here and now.

All who have submitted a photograph in the Fame and Fortune Contest may come, at their own expense, to the offices of the Brewster Publications, at 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., between the hours of 10 and 4, on Friday, July 1st, for a personal inspection before the judges' committee. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following day at Roslyn, L. I.

Only the final winner of the contest will have her expenses paid. Those not found worthy a screen test by the judges will not have one made. The second day for a personal appearance will be Friday, September 2nd.

RUBRIC

By Charlotte Becker

Whatever Fate may choose to send
I shall not question nor contend;
The measure the decrees of work—
So help me, Life, I will not shirk.

Whatever Fate may choose to bring
Of grief or care or suffering—
Or strife, or sacrifice, be mine—
So help me, Life, I will not whine.

Wherever Fate may set my ways,
Though bleak and barren stretch the
days,
If I can cheer the hearts that ail—
So help me, Life, I will not fail.

Whatever Fate ordains my end,
Though honor or defeat impend—
That I deserve thy boon of rest—
So help me, Life, to do my best!

After Caruso—What?

(Continued from page 55)

vocal art, and, whisper it not in Gath, of box-office draught, he reigned. Are tenors a tyranny, must it always be a tenor who reigns? Often it seems as if it must. Jean de Reszké was the Metropolitan's Caruso of the nineties. Tho such women as Melba, Calvé, Lehmann, Nordica, Litvinne, Bréval, Eames, Termini, Sembrich, Scalchi, and Schumann-Heink—a list that looks positively legendary to-day—sang with him, he was the sovereign and his word law. Many are the stories still remembered of how this or that proud head could not but bend to the pleasure or displeasure of King Jean. Even so puissant a rival as the Italian tenor Tamagno was powerless to dispute his supremacy, and a De Lucia and a Saléza were only little tributary princes to the mighty overlord. That great baritone Victor Maurel, for all the luster he brought the company, was merely a great baritone. The king was the tenor.

Naturally there arose the question, "After Jean de Reszké—what?" Saléza was actually hailed by the dean of New York's critics as the logical successor for the matchless Jean. We all know how fallible is logic. Neither Saléza, nor his compatriot, Alvarez, nor yet the Italian De Marchi did succeed to the throne of Jean. That was reserved for Enrico Caruso, in November, 1903. After this Polish-French interruption he continued the mighty line of Italian tenors which had included in this country Mario, Brignoli, and Italo Campanini. True, he was not recognized by the press the morning after his Metropolitan debut as quite what he turned out to be. Those critical notices make curious reading to-day. Report even had it that one reviewer for a morning paper, hearing from the corridor the ovation that followed the new tenor's singing of "La donna è mobile" in the last act of "Rigoletto" (the cruel necessity of going to press had forced the writing of his article before the chief tenor solo), exclaimed: "What are they making all that row about? There are a hundred blacksmiths in Italy that could sing that thing better than he did." But the public swiftly appraised Caruso and for once, at least, pointed the way to the reviewers!

The prima donna, for all her high-handed and fantastic tradition, her parrots, her monkeys, and her *crises de nerfs*, has never held quite the place of the tenors. Jenny Lind for a while ran things pretty much as she wanted to in the opera houses of Europe where she sang; Maria Mallbrán, Giulia Grisi, and Pauline Viardot were not only great stars vocally, but they were for those days very copiously paid, besides being the recipients of extraordinary ovations and honors. Moreover, they all "drew"

mightily at the box-office. Nevertheless, they never achieved the supremacy in the opera world of such tenors as Rubini, Nourrit, and Mario.

The "cirussing" of Jenny Lind in this country by P. T. Barnum, a milestone and a monument in the history of musical management and press agency, occurred not in opera, but in the concert field. The great fame and vogue of Adelina Patti, to say nothing of her voice and art, never exalted her to just the position in an opera house occupied by Caruso at the Metropolitan. The reigns of Giulia Grisi and, much later, of Nellie Melba in London resemble the Caruso reign here, but on a smaller scale of opera-going.

At Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, Melba, Calvé, Garden, and Tetrazzini proved wonderful drawing cards, more so than the Hammerstein tenors, tho the latter included Bonci, Dalmore, Zenatello, and McCormack. But not even Tetrazzini proved quite a Hammerstein Caruso.

The Metropolitan Company boasts one woman who can always fill the house in one opera—the woman is Geraldine Farrar, the opera "Madama Butterfly." In operas not "Madama Butterfly." Mme. Farrar's drawing powers are less assured, and no other of the singers of the very numerous company could be looked on in the same way as a specific box-office attraction. That is the plain truth of the matter. So where should the heir to the Caruso crown be found?

Every once in a while the name of another tenor is shoved into the Caruso frame. Thus Giovanni Martinelli, coming from Europe to the Metropolitan as long ago as 1912, was trumpeted beforehand as a "new Caruso." Tito Schipa, when he came here with the Chicago Opera Association last year, was spoken of as a "young Caruso." There is a tenor in Europe of the name of Anseau whom some have dubbed a "Belgian Caruso." The latest "Caruso" to be imported is Beniamino Gigli, an Italian acquisition of the present season to the Metropolitan forces. But the voice at the Metropolitan that most closely resembles Mr. Caruso's in quality is the possession of Mario Chamlee, a young tenor who happens to be an American, tho one might not suspect so from his name. He, too, is one of the new members of the Metropolitan company.

By all the signs, omens, indications, and auguries, Mr. Gigli has been carefully groomed this year for the Caruso succession. His fame was spread about before he reached our shores. To him have been allotted rôles associated at one time or another with Caruso—the Duke in "Rigoletto," Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor," Turiddu in "Cavalleria

Rusticana," Rodolfo in "La Bohème," Mario Cavaradossi in "Tosca." He is also cast for the name part in "Andrea Chénier," which was to have been Caruso's new rôle for America for this season. And yet the part in which Mr. Gigli has had his most substantial success in New York is not a part that Caruso ever sang in America, tho he sang it years ago in Italy—Faust in Boito's "Mefistofele."

The music of this part peculiarly suits Mr. Gigli's voice. The part is, moreover, the first he ever sang and it remains the one of all his repertory that he has mastered the most completely. This Faust makes minimum demands on a tenor's high register. The music lies mainly in the medium, and the medium is the glory of Mr. Gigli's voice. When he sings softly (i. e., *mezza voce*) in the medium, the golden tones are indeed Caruso tones. Blindfolded one might readily confound the two singers. Moreover, Mr. Gigli enunciates the Italian language with remarkable purity and clearness, and his declamation possesses a sculptural definiteness and flowing grace of line, recalling finely carved marble. So it is easy to see that whether or not he be another Caruso, he is a tenor of value.

Unfortunately, when Mr. Gigli sings with the full strength of his voice his tones tend to become hard, in contrast to the velvety richness of the Caruso voice used at full strength. Nor does Mr. Gigli soar easily into the upper regions of his scale. As a result he is naturally not at his best in music that demands of a tenor great facility in the top range. Sometimes he reaches and plays with high notes more easily and agreeably than at others, but the listener can never be quite sure just how he will get away with a high passage.

For that reason he shines less as the Duke in "Rigoletto" than in such rôles as the Faust of "Mefistofele" or Andrea Chénier. But Mr. Gigli is, when all is said and done, a singer of uncommon ability, dowered with a beautiful voice. Nor is he so old but that he may still be reasonably expected to grow as a vocalist. In presence and acting he is less satisfactory, for apart from the color, he looks a good deal like a perambulating pumpkin.

Unlike heirs to temporal thrones, who sometimes wait as long as Edward VII for his royal heritage, the tenor who succeeds to another tenor must not be too familiar to the public that he is to rule. That seems to be axiomatic. Not that familiarity always breeds contempt—Caruso is a case to the exact contrary—but it does lead inevitably to appraisal and valuation. In tenorhood the succeeding sovereign must have some of the mystery

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George Bernard Shaw's Beginnings

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some rotten private adventure academy for the sons of gentlemen; to try to maintain a select circle by excluding all the frankly poor people from it, and then find that all the rest of the world excludes you—that is poverty at its most damnable."

Shaw left school early and went to work in a land office in Dublin where he earned a few pounds a year but read omnivorously.

Fortunately for Shaw his sister, Lucy, turned out to have a good voice and the energetic, thoughtful mother migrated to London when Shaw was about twenty years of age. From this time on his work was that of a writer. He wrote for every paper he could get in touch with and, from 1876, when he was twenty, to 1885, when he was 29, he made, he says, some six pounds or \$30.

"All this time," Shaw says, "my mother worked for my living instead of preaching that it was my duty to work for hers; therefore, take off your hat to her and blush."

Towards the end of this time he wrote a book a year. He began in 1879 with a novel called "Immaturity" that was never published. Meredith rejected it with an emphatic "No." Then "The Irrational Knot," "Love Among the Artists," "Cashel Byron's Profession," and "An Unsocial Socialist."

All of these novels, in my opinion, are preface works; they brought him in no money and little encouragement. But yet the late Mr. Humecker was justified in his paradox that there is more talent for character-creating fiction in the one prize-fighting novel of Bernard Shaw than in the entire cobweb work of the stylistic Stevenson. There is truth in that, but Shaw's own summing-up is the best thing that has been said about his novels: "My novels are very green things, very carefully written."

In '79 Shaw met Sidney Webb and called him even then as a young man the ablest man in England; and indeed Webb was astonishingly learned in economics.

In the early eighties Shaw heard Henry George speak in London and that turned him into a Socialist and thinker. It was the land nationalization scheme of Henry George and his presentation of it in '82 that made the great change in Shaw's life—"kindled the fire" in his soul.

"It flashed on me then for the first time," Shaw once wrote "that 'the conflict between Religion and Science' . . . the overthrow of the Bible, the higher education of women, Mill on Liberty, and all the rest of the storm that raged round Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the rest, on which I had brought myself up intellectually, was a mere middle-class business. Suppose it could have produced

a nation of Matthew Arnolds and George Eliots!—you may well shudder. The importance of the economic basis dawned on me."

He read Marx's "Das Kapital" and threw himself in the succeeding years of 1883-4-5 heart and soul into public speaking and socialist propaganda.

Then came the Fabian Society, which was really Sidney Webb and Shaw put together and organized, and Shaw made himself a Socialist orator and writer.

This was his real education. Here he found his soul.

Shaw is a realist, a Bazarof by nature, and about this time, towards the end of the eighties, he begins to see himself as he is.

Someone asked him where he got his marvelous gift as a speaker. He says quite truthfully that he is no orator and has neither memory enough nor presence of mind enough to be a really good debater. He learned to speak as a man learns to skate, by dogged practice, and "anybody can become the same sort of public speaker that I am by going thru the same mill."

It was in the late eighties that Shaw got his first real place on *The Star* as musical critic. He wrote for it for some years and then began writing in the weekly *World*, also musical articles, and finally graduated, so to speak, on *The Saturday Review* in '94.

About this time he began to write his plays, and one of the first, "Arms and the Man" was a great sensation and partial success.

Since then he has gone on from triumph to triumph, but his first real triumph came from America thru Richard Mansfield, the actor manager.

A little later he married a lady who was herself well off, but already Shaw had begun to make so much money by his plays that the economic question scarcely concerned him.

Once in talk he gave a humorous account of his marriage, which may be reproduced here.

He said he was cycling and hurt his foot; the wound took a long time to heal and all the time a lady took very good care of him. He said he felt his danger and that he was being pushed to a proposal out of sheer gratitude and a sense of obligation, so one morning he resolved to escape. He got up and dressed very early and set out. Fate was against him; he slipped at the top of the polished oak stairs and fell headlong to the bottom. There the lady found him and as she helped him up and mothered him, his last hope died and he could do nothing but exclaim: "Will you marry me?"

"Not now, dear," was the reply, "but as soon as you get well."

After Caruso—What?

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and glamor of novelty; he must not bear an old label. Thus tenors like Martinielli and Orville Harrold, for all their excellent ability and public favor that they rightfully enjoy, could hardly be launched at this date as new Carusos. For better, for worse, the public knows them too well, and the functions they fulfill, high as they are, are not quite those of a King Caruso, whose treasury, let none forget, is the box-office. The new king in tenordom must take his place previously announced, but little seen and little heard. Neither the Grand Vizier nor the Lord High Chancellor ever mounts to the throne. Martinielli is definitely Martinielli; Harrold, Harrold.

The Caruso voice among the young tenors, as said above, inhabits the throat of Mario Chamlee. In all its beauty it is as yet a smaller, less authoritative voice than its supreme prototype; it is also a younger voice, and with time and careful usage it is sure to develop copiously. Mr. Chamlee sings well and is an earnest and assiduous student of vocal art. Besides the golden vocal gift, he has a good stage presence.

The wizardly Antonio Bagarozy of New York, that most expert discoverer of new vocal talent since Oscar Hammerstein, found Mr. Chamlee several years ago (the tenor hails from Los Angeles), but, like Mr. Gigli, he joined the Metropolitan company only this season. He would have joined earlier but for the war and his military service in France. The night of his Metropolitan debut in "Tosca," seasoned opera-goers hearing his voice remarked at once the resemblance in quality to Caruso's. With every subsequent part he has won new favor, and those parts have included two as inexorably exacting and as rich in the great tenorial tradition as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and the Duke in "Rigoletto." Moreover, Mr. Chamlee is already known in various sections of the country thru his appearances with the traveling Scotti Opera Company. His future is unmistakably of the brightest.

Lucien Muratore, the eminent French tenor, might plausibly be a Metropolitan successor for Caruso if he were free to sing with the Metropolitan company. But this distinguished artist, of all the tenors now before the public the most accomplished actor and incomparable in the embodiment of romantic heroes, is bound to the Chicago Opera Association.

Of course, conceivably, the successor to Caruso might be something quite other than a tenor, or even than a singer. It might be some such thing as Diaghileff offered when with the Russian Ballet and Russian opera he burst upon western Europe, dazzling and intoxicating audiences with the glad gospel of his scenic reform. But doubtless it will be a tenor.

The Play That Went 'Round the World

(Continued from page 50)

chanting tale they enacted, spread rapidly. Almost exactly a year later, on March 30, 1914, Max Reinhardt produced "The Yellow Jacket," under the title, "Die Gelbe Jacke," at the Kammer-spiele Theater in Berlin—an ornate spectacle with a rotund and extremely German company in a thick and wordy translation which missed much of the lightness and fragility of the original but which did not prevent a substantial success. In the course of the same season, Budapest saw the play in Hungarian under the direction of Miklos Faludi. Another German production was made in Vienna, but perhaps the most satisfactory of all in the Teutonic countries was disclosed by the Düsseldorf Schauspielhaus during a guest season at the Künstler Theater in Munich in July, 1914, under the artistic directorship of Georg Fuchs of the Munich Theater, and of Gustav Lindemann and Louise Dumont of the Düsseldorf company. Ben-rimmo had assisted with the Reinhardt production, but he had nothing to do with that at Munich which was visualized in its own way—simply but more colorfully than elsewhere, with the same nonchalant Property Man and an even more officious and smiling Chorus.

Russia, too, annexed "The Yellow Jacket" in the same season of 1913-1914, where it was known as "Zhylotaya Kofta." By some strange vagary, rumor brought word that it had been produced at the Moscow Art Theater under the direction of Constantin Stanislavsky, but the fact of the case is that instead it was a part of the repertory of the opening season of the Svobodny or Free Theater, an institution which split at the end of its first year to form the Moscow Dramatic Theater and the Kamerny Theater, the home of the futurists, cubists and experimenters of the stage. In that production, Alice Koonen, who was destined later to win fame for her cubist Salome at the Kamerny, was the Plum Blossom, and Alexander Tairoff, director of the Kamerny, supervised the work.

The staunchest friends of "The Yellow Jacket," territorially speaking, have been the Spanish, for, unsatisfied with making an extravagant production of the play in their own capital city, they have carried it to Portugal, to Cuba, and thru the lengths of South America. Spain's foremost living playwright, Jacinto Benavente, author of "The Bonds of Interest" and "The Passion Flower," is closely linked with this far-flung production. John Garrett Underhill roused Benavente's interest in the play to the extent that he agreed to make the translation, a version which has been judged extremely sympathetic by those who know it; and he and Mr. Underhill, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dou-

ville Coburn, who by that time had taken over the American rights, selected the costumes and paraphernalia for the production in New York. The play was produced in Madrid at the Teatro de la Princesa, April 22, 1916, and added up a total of thirty or forty performances before the company started on tour, a long record considering the fact that the Spanish, like all continental theaters, is established on a repertory basis. Spain's leading actor, Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, headed the company in the role of Chorus, and his wife, Maria Guerrero, idol of Madrid, appeared as Chee Moo. Ever since its premiere, "The Yellow Jacket" has remained in the repertory of the Princesa Theater and is invariably used for De Mendoza's benefit performances. The tour to Spanish America occupied the summer—or the winter, southern-hemispherically speaking—of 1916. The Odéon in Buenos Aires, and the leading theaters of Havana, Montevideo, Lima, Caracas and other capitals housed the Benavente-Mendoza company in turn, and the critical public acclaim was unbroken.

France and Italy among western European countries alone have not seen "The Yellow Jacket." Paris has been on the verge of acquaintance ever since the summer of 1914. A French version of the play had been made by Henri Pierre Roché, poet, critic and playwright, and production was planned for the Théâtre d'Édouard VII, but the outbreak of the war postponed the opening indefinitely. The project has not been abandoned, however, and may be brought to a head at any time under the auspices of Monsieur Roché and Gaston Mayer of London.

The fate of the play on its native soil took a distinct upturn following its triumph abroad. With faith in its future here despite original apathy, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn bought the rights in 1915 and presented it out-of-doors at universities and colleges during the summer. Thru the ensuing fall and winter they toured the middle west, using the original scenery and costumes, and finally on November 9, 1916, revived the play for matinees only at the Cort Theater, New York. Their most sanguine hopes were fulfilled and shortly they moved to the Harris for night performances and later to the Liberty, running up a total of twenty-three weeks before the season closed. The present revival, opening January 4, has had the co-operation of Marc Klaw in association with the Coburns, and has brought back to the cast several members of the original company, such as Schuyler Ladd, Arthur Shaw, J. Arthur Young, Antoinette Walker and Juliette Day.

The ultimate destination of "The Yel-

low Jacket," of course should be in the repertory of a National Theater, if we ever so wise as to gather the latent forces for such an institution. Glorious accident of the theater it may be, for neither of its authors has done anything comparable since; but, accident or no, there it is, complete, self-satisfying, self-sustaining. The originality of its genius, the privilege it possesses to call itself American, has never been so graciously expressed as by its French sponsor, Monsieur Roché: "The Yellow Jacket" is exceptional by reason of a wonderful quality which I consider to be essentially American. The daring, yet at the same time the smoothness of the creation, uniting in itself such widely separated elements of world poetry and even adding new ones, then melting them in one flow of deeds and words, full of music and fancy, belongs to the new continent!"

IMPRESSIONS OF A BALLET

By George S. Remnell

Brain and feet in sweet accord,
Argent tinsel, lustrous hair,
A scarf, a rose, and rhythmic arms
Undulating in the air.

Kaleidoscopic, pastel lights,
Now subdued, now crystal clear,
Varying as passions change,
Love and sorrow, peace and fear.

Knotted oaks and silver birch,
A meadow bright, a mountain high,
Castles grim, a ballroom fair,
Twinkling stars in blue-black sky.

Violin with dulcet tongue,
Breathing soft a languorous croon;
Castanet and tambourine
Clanging to a virile tune.

Sauté, jeté, pas de basque,
Lightly tripped with agile grace;
Swirling, swaying, lithesome forms
Pirouetting into space.

Bacchanal,—pulsating, wild;
Menuet of regal charm:
Simple pastoral of love;
Sword dance,—clamant with alarm.

Movement, color, pleasing sound,
Art adroit of mimicry,
Welded in aesthetic chain,—
Harmony of high degree.

Curtain:—shock of garish glare,
Noisy laughter, shuffling feet,
Fairylane—the dream—behind,
Chilling blasts, prosaic street.

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 40)

mother never to undertake anything—be it important or unimportant—without first consulting the crystal ball that would show her the future clear and undisguised. The kind-hearted fairy returned then to Avalon—the city of all elfin spirits—and found relief in the thought that she had, at least, one of her godchildren started on the right road to happiness.

The pretty little Melissa followed the counsel of her fairy-godmother most obediently, and whenever she and her friends planned an outing she looked into the crystal to make sure that the next day there would be fine weather and a smiling sky; likewise, whenever she wanted to buy a dress she inquired assiduously if the goods were durable and would not fade; and before she ever consented to get tickets for a new play she anxiously consulted her crystal to determine beforehand if the outlay of the money were commensurate with the pleasure that was awaiting her. Pretty soon, of course, Melissa acquired the reputation of being an unusually clever, level-headed and foresighted girl, and all her friends were praising her and sought her advice in all possible and even some impossible matters. Melissa, quite naturally, was highly flattered by the attention and admiration accorded to her wonderful intelligence, and she wrote a charming little note to the kind-hearted fairy, saying that she had never received so pleasurable and profitable a gift as the magic crystal.

And then, suddenly, the pretty little Melissa, like many other lovely women, "stooped to folly," and found—alas! also too late—"that men betray." After having loved, not wisely but too well, a young, gay, reckless ne'er-do-well of a musician (how surprised her friends were; how they wagged their heads and exclaimed: "Who would have believed such a thing of so clever a girl?") she appeared one day in the castle of her godmother and begged tearfully to be helped once more out of her troubles. The kind-hearted and the mischievous fairy were just sipping tea in their cool, comfortable parlor when the much subdued and rather woful looking Melissa appeared before them with her sorry tale, and the kind-hearted fairy, who had believed her Melissa to be, thanks to the gift of the crystal, forever safe and settled, almost lost her temper.

"Melissa," she exclaimed reproachfully, "Melissa, how could this happen? How was such a thing possible?"

"Well," said Melissa, "just as such things always happen. He was nice and good-looking and affectionate—oh, very affectionate, dear fairy—and it was Spring, and he played the Moonshine Sonata most beautifully, and I was young and loved him and believed in him."

"But your magic crystal?" asked the fairy. "Did your crystal not warn you? Did it not reveal to you the future? Or have you lost my precious gift?"

"Oh, the old crystal," said Melissa peevishly, "of course I still have it. It

is at home in one of my bureau-drawers. But at that time, when I was so deeply and so enchantingly in love, I really never thought of consulting the ball, the idea never entered my mind; to tell the truth, I had quite forgotten I had the crystal. The sweetness of the fleeting hour and the delight of the moment—they meant all to me. You know, dear fairy, if we are once keenly interested in the present we do not care a straw about the future."

The mischievous fairy was so charmed with this ingenuous confession that she invited the pretty little Melissa to a luncheon to which mortals usually are not admitted, but the kind-hearted fairy immediately stopped the fabrication of further crystal balls, and in her despondency she abandoned the idea of helping mankind, deeming it a hopeless and useless undertaking.

Into the Sea of the Moon and Sixpence

(Continued from page 44)

I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this remark. Mr. Maugham spoke of the eighth art with the cautious formality of one just introduced. He said he would like to do more pictures.

"There is nothing technically difficult about writing a picture," he commented. "It has something of both the novel and the play. Its closest parallel, I think, is the Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare wrote excellent continuity. Yes, had he lived he undoubtedly would have become an Eminent Author."

"For that matter, there is nothing abstruse or recondite about writing a stage play. The producers and writers in power like to make those on the outside think there is. I suppose you might call this another form of the prevalent thing called propaganda."

"All of us writers upon entering picture work are prone to state our opinions rather airily. I fancy we make a great many trite observations. It seems to me that all the people involved in the work take themselves most seriously. There are directors who ardently desire to be artistic. It is pathetic to compare the seriousness of their aim with the absurdity of their achievement. Unfortunately, you cannot be artistic by wanting to be so. You will not achieve art in a picture by composing pompous titles or by bolstering a sordid story with the introduction of a Russian ballet or a fairy tale. The irrelevant is never artistic. To my mind there is something grotesque in the way in which an obvious symbol gambols, like a young elephant, in the middle of a perfectly commonplace story. No, these serious gentlemen who direct pictures will not make them works of art in this fashion. I think they would be well advised to set about the matter more modestly. There is a good deal of spade work to be

done first. I venture to think also that the directors in the pursuit of beauty—(I have nothing to say about those who merely want to produce a picture that will bring in a million dollars: I have no doubt they know their business much better than I do)—might explore more systematically the photographic possibilities of atmospheric effect.

"Now that the story is all the thing, it remains to be seen how the author will meet the situation. I do not think it will be surprising if he does not create very great works of art, for they come as the gods will, sparingly, and should be accepted with surprise and gratitude, but not demanded as a right. It is very good to receive a barrel of caviar now and then, but for the daily meal one should be satisfied with beef or mutton."

I remarked that we seemed to be signaling England for first aid for the motion picture.

"Yes, you have an awful crowd of us here," he agreed.

"Awful?"

"Yes—but we get along very nicely—really," he assured hastily. "But I do not think you need aid from England. There are some remarkable new growths in American literature. I've been reading an excellent novel by Sinclair Lewis—'Main Street.' It seems to me to be a very true reflection of middle-west America. Even tho a reader is not intimate with the character of a place, he can sense the truth when presented. I feel the truth in Mr. Lewis' work. 'My Antonio,' by Willa Cather, too, is excellent."

Mr. Maugham sees much artistic impulse in America since the war.

"You shine shoes in this country better than any other place in the world."

And our gain in polish is not all pedal—

"Americans have grown politer since the war; the English less so. They tell in London, you know, that an American lady expressed herself recently as to how much more at home she felt than before. 'Because,' said she, 'so many English are becoming quite as rude as Americans used to be!'"

"The English shogirl used to be so servile, the American so haughty. Now the attitudes seem reversed. The war has broken down much class distinction."

Thus our American shogirl no longer feels superior to the people on whom she waits, according to Mr. Maugham. We are reminded that he is new to America, as to pictures.

"What surprises me most is that the public does not seem to care so much for the humorous side of its existence," he continued. "It seems to take life so seriously, if one may judge by the fiction, particularly that of the screen. Do you think I am mistaken?"

I ventured the opinion that the fault was with the supply, not the demand. Motion picture producers have been lamenting the dearth of light comedy material, of the very type in which Mr. Maugham excels.

"But I am writing a serious picture!" he exclaimed. "I hadn't thought much about comedy for the screen. It must be

(Continued on page 77)

The Stage Season of 1920-1921 In Review

(Continued from page 35)

power, while possessing a considerable strain of the Celtic imagination, if not so much perfection of form. He can be strikingly realistic, which Dunsany can not. He needs no supernatural machinery to make his vision potent.

Frank Craven is one of the most skilful actors on our stage—possibly the most skilful. But in "The First Year" he also discloses himself again (ten years ago he hinted it in "Too Many Cooks") as a playwright who, without any conscious effort at being "literary," at being a "critic of life," makes real literature out of the acted play because he chooses his subject from every-day life and writes about it with his eye always on the object. In "The First Year" he writes about the early married life of a young middle-class couple in any small town, their quarrels, their domestic difficulties in trying to give a grand dinner party in a tiny flat, their efforts to "get on," their discontents, their underlying affection, good humor, decency. It is "Main Street" with a difference—the difference being Craven's own sympathetic love for these folk instead of scorn of them. We personally believe that so far as it goes it is a sounder, truer picture of American small town life than "Main Street." And it is enormously amusing and affectionate without any resort to sentimentality. The style is as American as that of a George M. Cohan play, or as "Turn to the Right," but, unlike the Cohan plays, it cuts below the surface and gives us real human beings. There's health in our popular theater when it can produce such a work.

Another significant native play, produced in the spring at a special matinee, thanks, one fancies, to the ambition of Grant Mitchell, the actor, who proposes to play in it regularly next season, is "The Hero," by Emory Pottle. The drama dares to tell a truth it has been dangerous to blurt out of late—namely, that a physical hero in war may be a moral scoundrel in peace. The drama punctures a certain balloon which has been inflated with hysteria rather than hydrogen.

Other distinctly worthy native plays of the season were Eugene O'Neill's "Different," (a rather grim sex drama in two acts); "Just Suppose," by A. E. Thomas, an American "Old Heidelberg," with the Prince of Wales and a Virginia girl as the hero and heroine, and written with that graceful, well-bred style Mr. Thomas commands above any other American playwright: "Rollo's Wild Oat," one of those soap-bubble comedies by Clare Kummer, which have given her a unique place in our theater; "Enter Madame," by Gilda Varesi, who also acts the leading part—a comedy of the artis-

tic temperament without great originality but written and acted with assured skill, with the technical finish we associate with Continental drama: "The Bad Man," by Porter Emerson Browne, which takes a "wild west" plot and setting and converts the whole into a merry and pointed satire; "The Tavern," staged by G. M. Cohan, which is a burlesque of melodrama, a melodrama played with its tongue in its cheek, and rare good fun; and, finally, "Miss Lulu Bett," a play made by Miss Gale herself from her novel of the same name. It is not so good a play as "The First Year," but it cuts deeper into character, and has the sting of a keen woman's wit when her indignation is aroused by the effects of petty, small-town life on one of her own sex.

Here, then, is a list of plays any one of which has point, and is theatrically effective and skilfully written; and more than one of them is significant of the trend of thought and feeling in our land today. When you consider that the outstanding feature of the season in the book world has been the self-conscious reevaluation of our boasted small-town life, it is significant to find the theater, generally two or three years behind the times, producing a "First Year" and a "Lulu Bett" the very same season. It shows our theater is at least beginning to be immediately alive to the life about it, and not taking its interest second hand.

Unfortunately, the season has little to offer in the way of acting achievement, except by players already established. The outstanding exception is the performance by Clare Eames as the queen in Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart." While she still lacks the technical skill to impart variety to so long and trying a rôle, the young queen's aristocratic bearing, her fiery scorn, her nervous, intense mental energy, her hungry heart, were all suggested by Miss Eames in a way that rouses great hopes for her future on our stage. It was a difficult part for so inexperienced a player—for any player—and she rose to it bravely and well.

For the rest, excellent performances were to be expected from Frank Craven, as the middle-class hero of "The First Year"; from Laura Hope Crews as the smiling wife in The Theatre Guild's production of "Mr. Pim Passes By," a wife who rules by womanly wiles and watchful waiting; from Gilda Varesi as the temperamental prima donna in her own play, "Enter Madame"; from Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man"; from Arliss as the wily, wicked Rajah in "The Green Goddess"; from that delectable comedian, Roland Young, in "Rollo's Wild Oat"; and from Margaret Anglin in a cheap, sensational foreign-born play,

"A Woman in Bronze," made successful only by this fine player's powerful performance. However, Miss Anglin attained in some measure by special performances of Joan of Arc.

There were two surprises in the season. One was the extraordinary performance by Charles Gilpin, the negro actor, in "The Emperor Jones." Gilpin, of course, is not an untried actor; he has been at it for years, but never before had a chance at a big part on Broadway. Unfortunately, the leading rôles for him will always be few and far between. The other surprise was furnished by Carroll McComas, as Miss Lulu Bett. She, too, is not a beginner, but hitherto she has been seen in much lighter parts, particularly in musical comedy. Her Lulu is done with rather broad strokes, but it is full of genuine feeling for character. Laurette Taylor and Doris Keane revived their old successes, "Peg o' My Heart" and "Romance," in the spring, but there was no surprise in either of these sterling performances, of course.

But it is the success of Miss Eames in "Mary Stuart" which points the way our young players must follow if they are to develop into the stature of Miss Anglins and Mrs. Fiskes. They must play strong, intricate rôles. You cannot make bricks without straw. As the native American drama develops, it will need actors to interpret it, and they can only be made by practice in fine parts.

The unusually large number of special matinees of serious dramas which have been given this year is an encouraging sign that the players realize this, and are seeking to develop themselves. But, as yet, they do not have chance enough for practice, nor powerful enough rôles in our current plays to call out their latent powers. One of the great needs of our stage is still a repertoire company in every large city. There will always be something a bit makeshift about our American theater until that result is brought about. We have no adequate training ground for actors.

I MADE CYMBALS

By Le Baron Cooke

I made cymbals of my hands
And played to you;

At first you were amused,
I played with increasing feeling and you
seemed afraid;
But when I beat my hands with worship-
ful abandon

I saw you were bored with my serenade.
I shall never celebrate my love again,
For you have chilled the ecstasy in my
soul,

And my hands are dead...



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release
May 1, 1921, to August 1, 1921

*Ask your theatre manager
when he will show them*

Thomas Meighan in
"The City of Silent Men"
From John A. Moroso's story
"The Quarry."
Cosmopolitan production
"Proxies"
From the story by Frank R. Adams.
Dorothy Dalton in
"The Idol of the North"
By J. Clarkson Miller.
Paramount Super
Special Production
"Deception."
Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen, Joker."
Written and directed by the famous
comedian.

Lois Weber's production
"Too Wise Wives"
An intimate study of a universal
problem.

Elsie Ferguson
in "Sacred and Profane Love"
William D. Taylor's Production
of Arnold Bennett's play in
which Miss Ferguson ap-
peared on the stage.

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
Directed by John S. Robertson.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
A screamingly funny presentation of
James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical, romantic comedy
by John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production.
Made in England. With David Powell.

Thomas H. Ince Special
"The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance
A thrilling melodrama on a gigantic
scale.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production of
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and
Geraldine Bonner.

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker

A drama of the northwest, by the
author and director of
"Behold My Wife!"

Cosmopolitan Production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
The ever popular star in another
comedy novelty by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with
David Powell

From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan

From the melodrama which ran a year
at the Manhattan Opera House.
Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim

"Jeanne of the Marshes"
Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"

Specialty written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks"
William DeMille's
"The Lost Romance,"
By Edward Knoblock.

When there's nobody home but the cat

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to the most comfortable chair.

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dream pictures in the freelight,
but humans know where there's
something better.

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mount Pictures exercise over
people's imaginations, to empty
so many thousands of homes in
every State every day for two
hours!

And to empty them for a bene-
ficial purpose! Tonic for spirit
and body!

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mount Pictures

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greatest dramatists of Europe
and America are writing for
Paramount.

The best in direction, because
the finest directing talent is
attracted by Paramount's un-
equalled equipment to enable it
to carry out its audacious plans.

The best in acting talent, be-
cause Paramount gives histrionic
genius a chance to reach millions
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of romance with business that
the world has ever seen. At least
five million people in U. S. A.
every day rely on Paramount
Pictures to satisfy their urgent
need of entertainment.

Figure this, over a whole year, in
terms of either finance or entertain-
ment, and you begin to see what a
striking achievement it is to lead this
industry.

Two-thirds of all the theatres show
Paramount Pictures as the main part
of their programs, and that's why
those theatres are the best, each in
its locality.

For a great theatre is nothing but
a triumph of architecture until the
latest Paramount Picture arrives,

—and then,

—why, then,

there's nobody home but the cat!
Because that theatre is the home of
the best show in town.

Paramount Pictures



Amusement Park

(Continued from page 36)

Looking for things that would make figures.
The head gateman told him
"The best Sunday of the year,
Twenty thousand thru the turnstile."
That was good but brief,
The assistant sought further;
As he milled thru the listless mob
He noted a thing or two
Common to this genus of the species—
Babies and children.
He went down the pike
Passed all the rides, grottos and palaces,
Counting up his story,
Then he went back to the typewriter
And laboriously pecked out his epic,
Which was in part as follows:
Of the forty thousand
Enjoying the ocean-swept Crescent Park
Half were of the weaker sex;
And half of these half carried babies;
Because they were hungry and tired
The other half because of ill-treatment.
This does not take into account
Some several thousand children
Who were crying because they couldn't
go on the rides
Or their fathers wouldn't buy them
candy,
Nor the eighteen who were lost
And turned into the Lost and Found department,
Screaming there with the matron
Until their parents came to claim them,
And the parents in no case
Seemed pleased to find them—
At this point the press agent came in
Looked over the screed on the machine
And swore by the name of several deities
"Who in the hell do you think you are?
"The editor of the *Call*, or Walt Whitman?"

V

THE FREAK-SHOW MANAGER

I KNOW all there is to know
About human nature:
I've dealt in freaks
For almost forty years.
And I'll tell you the secret of this game:
Give 'em something that makes them glad
They're no worse off than they are.
Take bearded ladies, or the fat ones,
They always cheer the old dames up;
And the wild-men
They make many a fellow glad
He quit living with his mother-in-law.
Oh, I know this business
From double a to z.
I learned my trade in a vermin store
Up on East Fifty-ninth;
We sold poison for rats and mice,
So we had our windows filled with rats
and mice,

Young ones, old ones, white ones, black ones;
And all day long we had a crowd
A-gaping at the things.
Then one day the boss cleared out the pests
And put a monkey in,
He'd got from an old organ man.
Say he was the missing link—
Dressed up in clothes
And smoking an old briar pipe
You'd say he was a man;
But he wasn't worth a damn to draw a crowd,
We had to go back to the rats and mice.
You can't make fun of folks
When you've got a thing to sell.

VI

POSTLUDE

THE last strains of the second movement of Chopin's Fantasy Impromptu died away,
The orchestra hurriedly ceased their instruments
But the dancers stood to the floor
Applauding for an encore;
They'd never heard of Chopin
But they liked his music
When it was jazzed up a bit and called
"Rainbows."
The orchestra left the stand
And a thousand young men
And a thousand young women
Began again to chew their gum
And remember that their shoes were
much too tight.
The same staid electrician
Who with nightfall worked his magic
on the ugly park
Went wearily his rounds
Pulling out the switches
And where sparkled jeweled palaces
And glowing minarets
There stood grotesque shadows
Against the midnight blue.
And hurtling subways carried home
Their drab and weary cargoes
To disgorge at Chambers street.
The press agent worked on his Monday story
Dwelling on the noble purpose of those men—
The Park Directors,
Who kept this wonder place alive
That millions might have surcease from
their toil;
While thru the tin partition
Came the drone of auditors counting up,
Broken by the muttering of the big boss:
"A good day—God, it's time
A few wet Sundays more
And we'd have to close the Park."

WIND-FLOWERS

(For J. S.)

By John Drury

I

The curved white sharpness of the new moon
Lies low in the red west—
A lone shell
Cast up on the purple shore of twilight
By the out-going tide of sunset sea.

II

Fine-spun mellow gold
Faintly-scented
And conceived into patterns
Of Little artless curls,
Is your hair.
The unconscious gentle motions
Of your cool ivory hands
Are the gestures of wind-swayed slender
River-reeds.
And your face is delicate
As the pure soft lines
Of a white rose-petal.
Gold-white girl,
Your beauty is a subtle bow
That plays exquisite songs
Upon the tired worn-out strings of my heart.

III

White snow-flakes falling quietly
In the dark night,
Are you the little souls of soldiers
Straying from heaven
To remind us of the whiteness
Of their depths?

IV

At times the soft music of your face
Caresses my heavy heart
Into a blossom of white ecstasy.

V

The notes of a rusty-colored robin
Dropping from the green cloud of a tree
On this quiet sunny afternoon
Are like so many pieces of gold.
Carelessly he spills them
Over the blue hall of the sky
And like a miser
Greeditly my heart catches and hoards them.

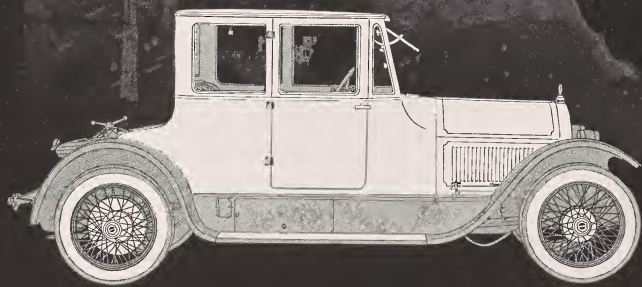
VI

Green
Of early spring
Through stark bare woods
Subtly creeping, creeping,
Until it rises to a flood
Was my love for you.

WISDOM

By Le Baron Cooke

Beloved,
If you are possessed
Of a dream,
Fumble not for expression;
For the world's eagerness
Is insatiable curiosity,
And he who unlocks his dreams
Loses his own soul.



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"Get Your Tickets for the Big Show"

(Continued from page 37)

vasion of Henry may have given a self-consciousness to America that is quite superior, superficially, to circuses. But the sincere, genuine individual, whether he lives near Van Buren's Corners, Indiana, or near Vanderbilt's Corners, New York City, is as much enraptured with the circus as ever.

Who does not recall the thrill of the circus parade? Is there a thrill comparable to its first view? Scarcely. Main Street is lined with people who have waited hours in advantageous positions. Comes up the middle of the thoroughfare a man on horseback, shouting with dramatic suspense "hold your horses, the elephants are coming." And then bursting into view in the distance is a huge band wagon, drawn by gaily caparisoned—a good circus word—horses and filled with a seeming monument of horns. Follow at respectful distances gaudy cauges, mysteriously closed; clowns in costume, equestrians, more bands, elephants, camels, and finally a steam callopie, blatant and discordant.

A half holiday is declared by every small boy and most men. A general hegira takes place to the fair grounds. Main Street is deserted. The day belongs to Barnum or Ringling or Sells. Life is a more glorious, beaming thing—for a few hours. A few hours and the troupe has pulled up stakes, hoisted its vast paraphernalia on trucks at the railroad siding and has slipped away into the night.

Back of the scenes is a strange and piquant life. Caste rules. The equestrians condescend to sit at the same mess table with the acrobats, and the acrobats deign to look at the clowns. An almost tribal tradition prevails, governed with a sort of beneficent autocracy by the circus proprietor. Even the press agent lacks the freedom and irresponsibility that are customarily associated with his office. He must be within call until the last lamp is extinguished, for a lion might escape or a bear kill its trainer and the news must be relayed to a waiting world.

The dawn of the big business era, going back twenty-five years, brought the phase of amalgamation into the circus industry. Expenses of transportation, artists, employees of various kinds could be lowered by the union of circuses. It is to be regretted. Big business should have stayed away from the circus. Its ideas were corrupting to the spirit of play. They had no place in the scheme of disillusionment that a cynical business world brought to bear. This force left its mark on the circus unmistakably. The clown's place, firmly established by tradition, is no longer so secure and endearing. The clown has been relegated to the back-ground. Slivers, the King, is dead—and

there is no king. Instead there is but a motley group, valiantly and pathetically struggling for a little of the old-time applause and recognition, filling in gaps between the so-called sensational feats.

Families, trained for generations, are rapidly disintegrating. There is no longer the old-time lure of the tanbark. Competitive enterprises conducted in permanent buildings in large cities are reaping the nomadic harvest. Vaudeville beckons with its high salaries and housing comforts. The Hippodrome offers a long and hospitable refuge. Even Ziegfeld sounds a magnetic horn from the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater and audacious acrobats come tumbling from their tents.

And now, to make matters worse, so far as the show "under the big tent" is concerned, a forbidding finger has been lifted against the freaks. The reformers, in their campaign to take the red and the white out of the national emblem, have descended upon the Bearded Lady, the Lion Faced Boy, the Living Skeleton, the Missing Link, the Cardiff Giant and all the other eccentricities of an otherwise monotonous human race, declaring with irksome superiority that the public has become disgusted with freaks.

They miss the human note, these reformers. They would have us believe we are not interested in the grotesque, the extraordinary, the unconventional. They would have us live the same, disgustingly drab life that they profess to enjoy. They attempt to pretend that they know more what the public wants than Barnum. The very idea!

And with characteristic cruelty they have not considered the freaks at all. Now freaks have pride in their profession. They are not the unhappy and morbid creatures that they are sometimes painted. They are out of the ordinary. They are something that most men are not and cannot be. And being freaks on display they receive good salaries, live well without arduous labor and have an opportunity to see the world. A freak might well say, "Who wouldn't be a freak under such circumstances?"

Do you recall the crusade against bear-baiting? Was not the argument advanced by the reformers that it was the pleasure experienced by the spectators rather than the pain felt by the bears that annoyed them? In moving to eliminate the freaks, a traditional entertainment of the circus, the reformers may have the pleasure of the spectators again in mind.

Perhaps the day is coming when the circus will be reduced to its original Roman character, for the exhibition merely of chariot races. But there must be some compensation. As constituted at present the chariot races of the circus, forming,

as a rule, the last feature of the entertainment, are so palpably a fraud that even small boys remain unthrilled. In the days of the Caesars the chariot race was an exciting event. It required specially trained horses and drivers. It helped to keep Romans contented with their rulers. It helped to postpone the day of their downfall.

Let the professional fun-thrillers proceed with caution. If they take away certain traditional parts of a circus they must strengthen other traditional parts, else even Americans, a tolerant, if not docile people, may rise up and demand their long-lost liberties. When a circus is tampered with the very vitality of the nation is disturbed.

After all, do not Americans prefer activity and agility to anemia—particularly pernicious anemia?

Anatole France: Beau Brummel of Sceptics

(Continued from page 39)

a ghost. His solving merriment is a comic fourth dimension. His is the unarithmetical grin.

That this pacifist became a warrior in 1914, that he had gone over to Socialism, but completes the irony of his Daemon. He rounded himself out by taking sides. The race, the human, in him (prefigured in that masterpiece, "Cranquebelle"—1904—which John Galsworthy expropriated and called "Justice") leaped to its feet. The Tri-Color and humanity were merely extensions of Anatole; 1914 was a giant revolt wherein the individual in him, the literary wizard and indifferent seer disappeared like a snow-storm in a sun.

The smile and the tear married and became a sword!

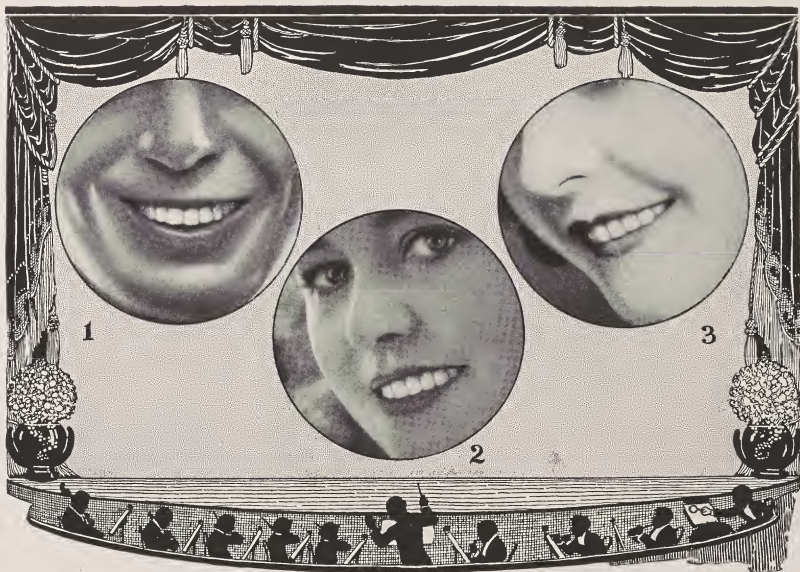
The great ghost, Race Solidarity, rose before him like some mythological beast. His Socialism was a confrontation of the common enemy of man, Selfishness. His intellect foundered in his heart. He became the thing he smiled at.

The Abbé Jerome Coignard fell on his knees before La Pucelle.

He is himself a character out of one of his books. He satirized his own life in that inscrutable August.

In "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard" and "Le Jardin d'Epicure" he is a chemist of visions, the Beau Brummel of Satanus. He analyzed and classified the errors that the world believes to be cer-

(Continued on page 78)



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The Art of Baylinson

(Continued from page 11)

ing with an artist, and indeed one of a very distinct and well-developed talent.

But it is the method, the principle, which we have set out to discuss. For if we do not go to the length of saying that Mr. Baylinson's art stands or falls with that principle (his personality was evidenced in earlier work of a more familiar character and it may in time find other expressions again), yet we have here a definite adherence to the idea of the Cubists, an evident assertion of the artist's right to use what means he sees fit for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Taking these words by themselves, few people would be apt to contest them. But in connection with the pictures shown here, many will say that a line really has to be drawn somewhere: these Cubistic works are not nature. Sure enough—but then no good picture ever is nature: it is the rendering of some man's idea of nature, in terms of form and color. The reason why we find the enormous differences between Egyptian and Gothic art, for example, or between Japanese and Dutch, is that each age, each race has a different vision; nature has always been the same. It is the idea that changes, and it is his idea that man expresses in art. William Blake went even further when he said: "The fool sees not the same tree that the wise man sees."

Try any other working-out of the question, you will find that only by some such explanation as this can you account for the evolution that has occurred in art in the last hundred years. A new artist or school arises, is condemned as unnatural, gains some adherents among the public, is accepted—in time—by the whole public, and then is held up to the next generation as the mirror of nature from which it is anathema to depart. What nonsense! The art in question was the mirror of certain ideas, from first to last, and if we dig up the old newspapers and books that said the painter in question was or was not true to nature, the whole discussion becomes an inexpressible bore, because today we see that it is aside from the point, which is to settle what ideas the artist had to present, and with what talent he embodied them in form and color.

If we have passed this barbed-wire entanglement of the "nature" discussion, perhaps we may get on to the pictures in hand and try to work out their qualities. With all their "queer" lines and colors, they are a record of things seen and a comment on them. It is not an art of fantasy, in the sense that we use the word before pictures of legend or allegory, it is the response of a realistic mind to a seeing of people—in given surroundings, under a given light.

"And does he see them in that way?" is the question that is often asked. The answer is, of course, that he sees them as others do—his pictures are what he has to say about his subject. A gesture of

(Continued on page 76)

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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On a Thoughtful Day

(Continued from page 31)

thrusting "Act as good as yer look, Lulie," and her feeble, sick-in-the-mind relapses into vagary wherein, fragmentarily, the Past comes back to her—the Past that, really, has long since ceased to matter.

What would Grandma Bett and the sender of that long-ago, warm little note be like?

I hadn't a doubt.

She would be friendly. I knew that well. She would be *human*, else there could never have been possible a Grandma Bett, with her withered old wisdom at the dry root of which there remained, hard and green, something that *knew*. She would have balance and perspective, and there would be no more of Heaven than of Earth. All her little contacts had proclaimed her. Her personality had stretched forth its kindly, comradely hand and touched us, each, with a delightful certainty.

It was with a certainty of being welcomed that I entered.

Mrs. Hale is forty-eight. She says that there are two things she simply could not prevaricate about. One is her age and the other is her salary. She believes that she can be quite as interesting at her own age as at a fictitious one.

She has a healthy skin, eyes darkly brown and very steady under heavily marked brows, and thick white hair. I give you these personal details lest Grandma Bett lead you to a feebly erroneous impression. She has repose and vitality.

We sat in her living room. It was book-lined and here and there I caught titles: Heine's poems, the works of Henry James, Thomas Hardy, some children's books that have never been discarded.

There were prints on the wall and a Corona typewriter on the desk. The room had no air of interior decorated modernity. The things of that room had been lived with and bore the lovable traces.

From other rooms there came the sound of a typewriter clicking and of a woman's cough.

"My whole family have arrived from India," Mrs. Hale explained, "and we are simply bristling with beds!"

In one corner of the room, on a lacquered table, a cool luncheon was served us, and we reminisced over the "Elsie Books" and "Little Women" and "Little Men." We had a great bond in that we remembered almost verbatim and certainly incident for incident the troublesome trials of *Elsie's* martyred childhood. We had wept over them, page by page. "Nevertheless," said Mrs. Hale, "they were pernicious reading, those books. They did distort life abominably."

She told me how, once, she had decided to write children's books. To this end she began to pore again over "Little Women." "Some hours later," she said, "I came to the realization that I was weeping in complete abandon and had



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On a Thoughtful Day

quite forgotten my original intent in
reading it."

I told her about the "big tree."

"How lovely!" she said, "how dear of
them! Do be sure to mention that in
your article. You know, it is odd, I have
always longed for a tree. A big tree of
my own. I think that is one reason why
I like this house. I can see the tree be-
cause of the wall between, but I believe
that I can feel that it is there and know
that it is budding . . . now."

I asked Mrs. Hale about Grandma
Bett and how in the world she had ever
achieved her.

"You must love old age," I said, "to
draw so accurate, so living a portrait."

"You know," she said, "I dislike it, I
believe. I think I know what I do know
of it because I do not like it very well
and because I have constantly been in
contact with it and obliged to render it
somewhat unwilling services. By having
to do these services I have come to know
what I do of the traits and idiosyncrasies,
the habits of mind, the mannerisms and
peculiarities of body and mind. Some
years ago I used to visit a great-aunt of
my husband's. She was about ninety
years old and whenever I went there I
made it a habit to read aloud to her.
After I had read a while she would go
into the next room or busy herself in
some way calling back to me, 'Go right
ahead, you don't trouble me a mite!'"

"I think, too," I said, "that Grandma
Bett had a certain delicious irony. She
may not have been conscious of it, but
it was there. I think she had a per-
spective, too, curiously sane, tintured
alike with pity and pain and the leaven
of humor. I think she knew."

"I'm so glad you feel that way," Mrs.
Hale said, "I think I feel that way about
her, too. And that, of course, is what
old age should be. Knowledge. It should
know. It should have used the stuff of
the universe to attain to perspective and
a sense of proportion. Youth never has
proportion."

I asked Mrs. Hale whether she thought
anything in life tremendously worth
while. *Terrribly* worth while.

"For a person who plays comedy
parts," she said, "and is as healthy as I am
I suppose I sound out of character—
but no, really, I don't."

"I believe in a world system, including
not only this world but all the worlds.
The system is too tremendous to be able
to take accurate account of the individual.
It seems to me that it all comes down to
just this—be as kind as you can. If you
have a fine balance, pay your debt by
taking care of what I call the 'strays'—
those less poised, less able than yourself.
Be tolerant. Be forgiving. It all assim-
ilates in the end, and in the end a sense
of proportion is possible. In youth we
agonize so much, so unnecessarily. Later
on, things blend."

"And there are always the little things,
the most worth while little things."

"Which," I said, "is most worth while
to you—the theater or your writing?"

I knew that Mrs. Hale had written

Motion Picture MAGAZINE

for July

What would you like to have
most on the sultry midsummer
afternoons of June?

First: two big shade trees with
a hammock stretched between
them, a wide green lawn sloping
down to the water's edge, an ir-
resolute breeze, a frosted beaker
of some cool delicious drink,
something to read!

A magazine preferably. One
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but not too great a mental tax;
one that will cool your brain and
start it dreaming of pleasant
things: beautiful faces to look at,
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throbbing stories to read, tales
of the great and the near great,
information in palatable form,
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ing young hero of "The Four Horse-
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called "Cleaning House" by Lillian
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for July

On a Thoughtful Day

eight books, the latest of which is called "An American's London."

"The theater," she said, with quick certainty, "it always has been. Writing is secondary. I think I have not gone further on the stage because I have loved it too well, too truly. Besides the funny, not so funny to me, little fear I have never been able to overcome—that of losing my lines. Nerves, of course. I love the rhythm of the theater. It rests me more than anything else I know. I love to know that at such and such an hour I will be in my dressing-room. At such and such an hour I will be on the stage. Precisely at another hour I shall be back in my dressing-room preparing to go home. That the stage will then be darkened, the scenery put away. It is circular and satisfying and complete."

"What do you think about?" I said. "as Grandma Bett, sitting up there in a 'tantrum'?"

"My house," said Mrs. Hale, promptly, "and coming home and going to bed with a book."

Anyone can go home and go to bed with a book, so I said, "Your house?"

"I'm dreaming one," she said, "one must dream of something, why not a house? I make endless drawings, endless plans, changing first this and then that, adding details as they come to me, decorating and redecorating."

"Where is it?"

"It isn't."

"Isn't it?"

"Why, no. How funny and literal you are. You see, we must have something to dream of. Grandma Bett cannot very well sit there and dream of men. Nor do I, romantically. So I dream a house, the sort of house I've always wanted . . . with the big tree directly where I can see it as well as feel it."

"Do you think you'll ever have it?"

"Maybe. Some day. Why not? But I have the dream—here and now. Which is what matters."

Riding uptown in the 'bus I felt quickened sensibilities and something of content I had long missed; something of poise and well being. I felt happier and more in tune, less of strain. One can always dream and over the house on Washington Square North the Big Tree will annually leaf and leaf. Life is poetry, after all.

SEEDS

By Betty Earle

Life, the Giver, gave me three
Seeds: Love, Hate, and Jealousy.

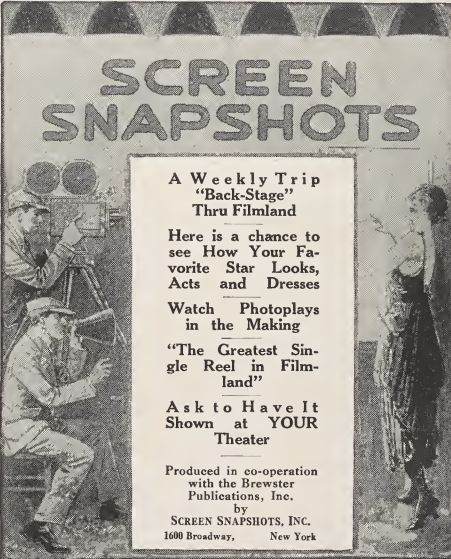
The first in carelessness I threw;
It died with neither tear nor dew.

The second fell on stony ground;
Thorn-trees pricked and hedged it round.

The third I planted in my heart;
When I let the tendrils start.

So greedily they wound about,
They shut the whole wide world without.

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The Craftswoman—

(Continued from page 32)

come back at nine the next morning to find her still going strong; her head, perhaps, done up in wet towels to relieve the neuralgia she suffers from, but still energetic, still smiling and plucky, still full of enthusiasm and zest for the thing she is doing. I do believe that she never thinks of herself or pauses to consider just how much she does do.

"The troubles of all her friends are her troubles, too. She takes them and feels them, personally. She has none of the artistic temperament whose first cry is self-protection. I have known artists who would not speak above a whisper before going on the stage for a performance. Artists who slept all day that they might be in perfect trim for the evening. All that sort of thing. Not Miss Anglin. Back of all that she does is daily and hourly endeavour, personal interest, unremitting effort."

We had been talking between the acts of *The Woman in Bronze*. Afterward I went back-stage and met Miss Anglin. I wanted to ask her about her Greek plays which I had heard were the nearest things to her heart.

She came out on the stage in an outfit coat and small hat, evidently tired, but quite ready to answer my doubtless oft repeated queries. She is the most friendly and put-you-at-your-ease person imaginable. I felt that I'd known her for a very long while and that to monopolize her time after midnight was but the privilege I was taking as an old friend. She's jolly and has a sane perspective and takes her work seriously, but not too seriously. You have the feeling that she'd meet defeat as well as triumph with head held high.

I said, "I wish you'd tell me about the Greek plays."

She said, "I did the first one, the *Antigone*, in 1910 at the Greek Theater, University of California. It was a dismal failure—at least financially. Being my own money I couldn't afford to be glib about it, but I felt I could not expect the first revival, professionally, of Greek drama in a quarter of a century to meet with the same enthusiasm, monetary or otherwise, that a George M. Cohan comedy would have, for instance. It had to be given them gently, as it were, with patience and persistence. So I went on and produced the *Electra*. It was tremendously successful. The audience fairly swamped the stage in their enthusiasm. Of course the music was marvellous. A great many came for that before they came for the play itself. You see I had the N. Y. Symphony orchestra, full concert strength.

"Of course any suggestion along these lines to New York managers was pooh-poohed. 'It can't be done,' they said. But I knew that it could be. I felt that if, with my own money, the fruits of my own labours, I couldn't have the satisfaction of putting the acid tests to such dramatic ideals as I have, I would have

(Continued on page 73)

Motion Picture CLASSIC for July

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An absorbing interview with RAYMOND HATTON by one of our West Coast writers. Altho young in years, Mr. Hatton is mature in his art and this presentation of his personality is accurate and illuminating.

One of the most gorgeously beautiful of screen actresses, NITA NALDI, is interviewed by Lillian Montanye. Miss Naldi is playing "Passion" in "Experience," and in spite of the fact that she is admirably suited to playing vampire types, with true human perversity, she longs to portray the "sweet young thing." Don't miss this classic interview!

With rare acumen and nice discrimination, Gladys Hall writes the story of PAULINE STARKE, the bright particular free-lance star of the movie way.

Hazel Simpson Naylor tells interesting facts about ALICE HOLLISTER, one of the earliest favorites in the cinema world. Miss Hollister is at present starring in "The Wise Fool." Her keen observations on folly and wisdom are doubly entertaining for the new slant this play has given her.

A novelization of the ever popular Wallace Reid's newest photoplay will appeal to one's mentality as well as one's emotions.

The Gallery of Screen Celebrities is well up to its usual artistic standard, and the other departments of Classic, whose popularity has been proven by the never ending demand for them, will complete this model number of the Model Moving Picture Publication.

Motion Picture CLASSIC for July

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The Craftswoman—

(Continued from page 74)

labored lovingly, but in vain. That is the joy of work—to do the things one believes in oneself."

"Yes," I said, "but there are so few willing to take risks."

"Oh, as to that, perhaps I am a good gambler, then . . ."

"Well," I said, harking back to ancient Greece, "but you did do your Greek plays in New York?"

"Yes. In 1915 I was invited by the University of California to give three of my plays there. I put on the *Medea* of Euripides, the *Electra* and the *Iphigenia in Aulis*. I had to repeat them twice. I had confidence then.

"In 1918 I did them all at Carnegie Hall and at the Academy of Music. They were immensely successful. This winter I am to give the *Iphigenia* and also the *Medea* at the Metropolitan. Walter Damrosch has written the score especially for me and the orchestra is to be, as before, full concert strength.

"How in the world," I said, feebly, "do you have time? When?"

"We work after the play," she said, "and mornings and all the times I am not actually on the stage. It is not so hard to do a thing when one's spirit is in it. After all, the spirit animates the clay."

"Aren't you ever tired?"

"I suppose I am. Not having much time I can't give it much thought. But I do know that I would be *wore* tired if I were not doing the things I want to do. I'm chafing then, and that is infinitely worse."

"Has it all been worth while to you," I asked, "I mean shouldering so many things, the financial responsibilities, being your own producing manager, and all?"

"Yes. The Greek plays in particular. And I have felt that I could do the things I wanted most to do without compromise or question. It is all a part of the independence necessary to do personally creative work. We cannot create with real individuality when we have to submit to qualifications, for this reason or for that."

I departed with brain and finger-tips tingling. Had a world presented itself to my vision to be conquered then and there I have not a doubt but what I would have conquered it. I felt ashamed to go softly and inertly to bed when, at that moment no doubt, Miss Anglin was wrestling with the ancient Greek drama and a very modern chorus, an artizan in actuality.



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The prizes are for the readers who correctly guess the names of the stars getting the greatest number of votes.

Send in a ballot voting for your favorite in each role of the play.

Send in another ballot stating the names of those you expect to win. This second ballot will determine the winners of the prizes. No prizes to be given to the stars.

Keep up with contest as the articles appear in the MOVIE PICTURE MAGAZINE, the first having appeared in the June issue, now on the stands. It will help you to judge what stars are going to lead the list.

Prizes range from \$250 to \$25.

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WHY AM I TO BLAME?

By Le Baron Cooke

I'm half afraid to go with you,
The devil's in your eye;
And yet there's beauty in your speech,
And magic in your lie.

I scan your dark, intense young face;
And why am I to blame,
If, when you touch me with your lips,
I crackle like a flame?

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Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my Free booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for years. \$1.00 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. E. M. COVENS, 235 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 56)

to be low and the girdles may be sashes of broad satin, narrow ribbon sashes or leather belts. Tunic skirts and panel treatments are smart. The collars may be of organdie or linen. The flaring models are very good and are especially becoming.

Then there are the fascinating English prints which took the summer world by storm last year and are this year more attractive than ever. The designs are dainty and novel, the colors soft shades, with blue greys and yellows predominating. Linens are being worn extensively and the looser weaves seem the most popular.

We who have lingerie frocks stored away can bring them out again and see what their possibilities are, for this summer sees a revival of frocks of this type. The materials are batiste, voile, marquisette, organdie and handkerchief linen. Combined with lace, ribbon and embroidery these materials make frocks that turn warm weather into a pleasant excuse for wearing them.

Sleeves are of infinite variety, long and short, plain and puffed. The sleeves of evening gowns owe their inspiration to the centuries. There are square sleeves of glorious lace that reach to the knees when the arm is outstretched. There are others which sweep to the edge of the train, then return as by an after-thought to the wrist, where they are held by a jeweled bracelet.

Sheer, dainty gowns are dear to the heart of every woman, but the practical, discriminating side of her looks askance at a too generous supply of summery fabrics and turns gratefully to the silk departments, radiant as nature's gardens after they are touched by the magic wand of spring.

Silk, satin or crepe lends itself to any silhouette fashion may favor. There are plaids, checks and stripes that at once suggest to every student of fashion their adaptability as an out-dooring fabric, in skirts, in jackets, in capes, wraps and sports dresses. There are silks a little heavier in weight and a little heavier in texture, scintillating in all manner of outdoor costumes. These too, are distinguished by dashing stripes, checks and plaids. Either of these weaves is not suited to outdoor costumes but may be developed in all-day dresses into which one may slip in the morning and feel well-dressed until evening.

There are rich crepes and satins, pre-eminent for tailored lines, for they retain them indefinitely—yet these silks never appear to better advantage than in the costumes and wraps where they are draped, plaited and embroidered.

It is unnecessary to mention the sponsorship of crepe de Chine by fashion for spring and summer. But there is a new note in the lustrous plaids, stripes and checks which link it to the world of sports, tho it still holds an undisputed place in the silks for the "little dress" which every woman craves and needs to wear at any and all times during the day.

The Art of Baylinson

(Continued from page 70)

his model seems to him dignified and important, it sums up the character and is the center of his interest until he reaches the next movement of the figure that contains the essentials of his impression. He seizes these dominant lines and masses and gives you them with their echoes, their reverberations in space, light and color. And out of these elements he makes a construction that expresses in its manner what the thing in nature said to him in terms of the world of sight. It is a grave mistake to think that the pictures in the museums represent the world as we see it. Always, when art is present, there is a restatement of the subject in terms of what a man thought and felt about it. But as our scientific training in the portrayal of nature grew so perfect that we were able to produce pictures as exact in their copying as the photograph, or in fact more exact, men began to ask themselves whether it was not time to set apart just those things that interested them and to say those, deliberately passing over the matters they found insignificant.

This is the development that has gone on in Mr. Baylinson's art. From work in which he rendered the physical aspect of things with quite amazing fidelity (tinged with a certain sentiment and with humor), he has proceeded by slow steps to an art of selection, which shows or emphasizes only those elements of a scene that have impressed him as essential to his composition. And withal, he is still the man who painted the realistic pictures we saw by him ten years ago. Or rather, he is more himself today, we see more clearly in what manner he defines such attributes of the world as force, grace, richness, brilliance and mystery. These and a thousand others are to be found, in every scene, by every person capable of recognizing them. It is the work of an artist to give us his vision of them and so add to our pleasure in seeing and in living. Perhaps he gives them to us imbedded in a bit of nature, so that we are unaware that he has told anything we did not know. Or, perhaps, like Mr. Baylinson and the other modernists, he "atomizes the spectacle" and gives us just those features of it that impressed him.

And having abstracted the lines and colors that convey his idea, he is freer to use them for purposes of design. One does not like to use the word, for in picture-making it is so often applied to weak things and meaningless things, to dress-goods paintings or to paintings that look like mere problems in plane or solid geometry. The work before us is none of these. It is not abstract in the sense that it has departed from all idea of nature. On the contrary, the model has been consulted constantly and so it is an appreciation of life that we have here, the stronger because of the elimination of incidents that seemed irrelevant to the artist. One might say that this type of

(Continued on page 78)

In Terms of the Irony

(Continued from page 25)

to others; quite the contrary. She is ironic only when it comes to herself and her own aspirations. Otherwise she is timid rather than assertive; self-depreciatory to the complete eclipse of the ordinary Ego.

Nevertheless, the ironic is her forte. She could do with a subtle perfection the type of woman who, ever so gently, knows the supreme, inherent, inescapable irony that is the ore and core of all basic life, and acts upon it. Who, with a deft and sure touch, treats love and hate, comedy and tragedy, with the slender whipcord of that same irony, because like most deal with like and all things are capable of Socratic irony.

Miss Lord would make a supreme satirist. She could do the sort of thing Mrs. Fiske could do, in her younger, more pliant way.

She admits that she feels herself to have been consistently miscast.

"It is," she said, "a bad actor's excuse to speak of an unlucky star, and still I do feel that I have been the victim of some such malcontent destiny. In the first place, I have not family opposition to contend with, but a sort of family ridicule. They simply take no interest in the stage at all. Mother came to see me—not very long ago and for the first time—in 'Samson and Delilah,' and her main comment to me thereafter was the comment of a woman who had sat next to her. This woman, urged on by my stage treatment of my stage husband, exclaimed, as they were leaving the theater, 'Wasn't she perfectly horrible!' Mother didn't say anything further, but—my brother has never so much as come to see me. They seem to regard it as some sort of harmless fad which will eventually expire. Then, too, most of the really good parts I have had have been on the road. So soon as I have had one in New York, the play has promptly died."

"But 'Samson and Delilah' . . ." I reminded her.

"Yes, true. And I am really content in one thing—and that is being with Mr. Hopkins. In that I am perfectly happy and absolutely content. His interest in me is the warmest spot on my horizon. The part is difficult, of course, because, of course again, it inspires dislike. The woman is neither bird nor fish, nor beast nor human. But it is interesting and capable of considerable in the way of small touches and shades."

I spoke of what had been running thru my mind—the fact that satire and the ironic would, or should, be her forte.

"That is very curious," she said. "I have always been interested in that type of work, in that outlook. How did you know?"

"Because I think you are that sort of person," I said.

She raised her eyebrows. Her eyes are clear, rather sad, and deeply brown.

"Ironic?" she said, "satirical?" "Intelligent," I returned, "that embraces the other two, or one, for the two are one."

BE AN ARTIST

CHECK FROM MAGAZINE



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"Yes, I suppose I am. . . . I suppose I do think a great deal in terms of the ironic. One has to, dont you think?"

"If one is intelligent," I said again, "one is very apt to."

Miss Lord is the rare type that makes you think about her. You may want to, or you may not want to, that is not the point. You do. She is a force. She is a thinker. She would like to be a dreamer, but is a bit afraid to be. She has potentialities, but she is conscious of the star she calls malcontent. She believes in other people more than she does in herself. She is afraid of her own reflection, sensing only dimly the powers within herself. She is the imprisoned force awaiting the touch of some divining-rod surer than any she has yet known—it may be a person, it may be a part—to quicken her into fullness of being and giving. She probably has certain limitations; most thinkers have; but within those not too close confines she could move with a precision and a surety which would be surely Art.

Into the Sea of the Moon and Sixpence

(Continued from page 63)

rather difficult to write delicate comedy into pictures. So much depends on dialog. How I would like to collaborate with Charlie Chaplin! He seems to understand better than anyone else the reactions of the world. "The Kid" seems to me a model picture for universal appeal." Mr. Maugham's stay in California was devoted to a contemplation of the picture industry and to his first work for it. He was not concerned with any new novel.

"I should think it would be fearfully difficult to do much labor here," was his comment. "I expect to do a great deal of writing when I reach the Benda sea. True, the climate there is languorous, but one doesn't need to bother with the tiresome details of the conventional mode. There is no striving to make a living. The people may not achieve much, from our viewpoint, but they do seem to achieve happiness. I don't know but their way of experiencing life is quite as worthy as selling stocks and shares."

And so W. Somerset Maugham has sailed south of Java, past Tahiti, to the Benda sea where happiness lies. But his voice will reach us thru the work he plans. He will be there a year, perhaps much longer. His time schedule is as indefinite as his destination—beyond Tahiti.

CHALLENGE (To Nance O'Neil)

By Le Baron Cooke
Why should my life
Be beaten
Like brass,
Or shaped
Like enamel,
in a small
Conventional design?

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Constance Talmadge and her director, Chet Withey; Constance Binney and her director, John S. Robertson; Rubye De Remer, with Director Marcel Perez; Audrey Munson and Director Bob Leonard; Kenneth Webb and the Whitman Bennett "Salvation Nell" company, including Pauline Starke, Gypsy O'Brien and Joseph King, are among the celebrities who have staged special scenes for the first issues.

Scenes from the Frenchy Broadway musical comedy, "Aigar," of Leon Errol, star of the Ziegfeld show, "Sally," and of Madge Kennedy in the Broadway success, "Cornered," are also included; also Bert Levy, the international vaudeville star; Charles Hackett, the American tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House; Guiraud and Marguerite, the dance sensations of the Century Roof, and others in dramatics, musical comedy and vaudeville.

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Anatole France: Beau Brummel of Sceptics

(Continued from page 68)

tainties. He is the taxidermist of human illusions.

Finally the great Satirist had his little joke with Anatole, as Anatole had had his superb jest about all things.

And why not? Is not France the eternal Don Quixote of civilization? She has the seals of Mount Sinai on her brows. She has always walked for the Invisible, for a thing not seen of the eyes, for Chimera.

On the Jacob's ladder of social evolution she has stood on the highest rung. She is the sanity of the world; her socialism is a sane socialism; her individualism a sane individualism; her nationalism a sane nationalism. Her "imperialism" is self-defensive.

But Anatole France was not "converted" à la Tolstoi. He did not reject his past and call in the Savonarolas for a bonfire of his books in the Place de la Concorde, as Tolstoi would have done. For his sense of humor perceived that each gesture he had made to life from his birth on the Quai Malaquais was valid.

The great Russian was a freak; Anatole France is a life.

If Anatole France had never written anything else, "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque," "Thaïs" and "La Revolté des Anges" would have put him into the Pantheon. The first named is of the very essence of Anatole France. It is Latinity in all its reckless glory.

In "Thaïs" one sees the influence of Flaubert. It is the irony of ascetism and sensualism.

"The Revolt of the Angels" (a bartender first gave me this book to read—you never can tell!) is a mythogony. It is the siege of Lord Abracadabra by the Greenwich Village geniuses of the earth. Not to have read it is not to have read.

It is a pity Victor Hugo died before it was written. He would have moved his pontifical chair down a peg.

What is the final "message" that we get from Anatole France? It is this: an eagle about to take flight from a peak—such should be the attitude of the free, evolving, life-curious soul. No thought, no creed, is final; each belief should be only a promontory from which to behold a more distant belief. We should go singing toward the unknown. Without beyondness, without vision, humanity lives in a tomb. Once we cease to believe in any one thing and become spectator and actor, because it is a health gesture, we see the "great process" is not "good" or "evil," but beautiful.

We no longer demand a morality, but an aesthetic. We glorify Change, seeing in it the method of a timeless miracle.

He is the great epicurean of Life.

But when will the crowd understand that an Epicurean is not necessarily a lobster cormorant and a wine guzzler?

"Life," once said an Imp to me, "is the highest form of organized stupidity, tempered by magnificent illusions; and the universe is a great epic that a Shakespeare has written with a worm."

So might have said the great Anatole, one of the rarest spirits of the Age.

At seventy-six he has taken unto himself a wife, like that other great Epicurean, Goethe. You never can tell anything about these pagans!

The Art of A. S. Baylinson

(Continued from page 76)

painting occupies a middle ground between purely representative work and that of the rug-maker, the potter and the architect, where all portrayal of nature disappears. It stands between the two extreme forms as verse, with its mingling of freedom and convention, stands between the exact description we get in prose and the vague but powerful ideas of music.

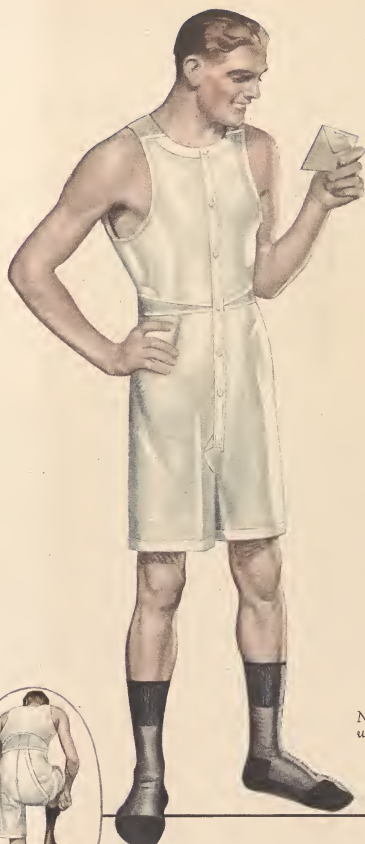
The work of Mr. Baylinson has successfully stood the test of being shown with that of some of the French modernists, and it is no small thing to say for a painter whose entire study has been carried on in this country, away from the great center where the modern ideas have been developed, and who has only come into contact with them in the examples that have occasionally reached America. Undoubtedly, the new schools have helped our compatriot to reach these ideas that seem to him most appropriate to the rendering of an impression of modern life, with its sharpness of contrast, its domination by the structural and the dynamic. Even with these there is an accompaniment of delicacy and charm, which finds its expression here in a fineness of color that saves the sober tones of the artist from harshness. It is the art of a man grappling with problems that the world has not fully solved. It has the profound interest of the thing which can widen our vision; it has the guarantee of an unassailable sincerity.

PRAYERS

By Thelma Stillson

When I was six I used to pray
In quite the good old fashioned way,
"Protect me, Father, through the night,
And bring me safe to morning light."
And I was fearful lest I walk
In ways that did not lead aright.

But now I whisper 'neath my breath,
"Where thou dost lead, I follow, Death.
Who so loved life can only find
Within thy arms content of mind.
They wait thy coming unafraid,
Who have with Love and Folly dined!"



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